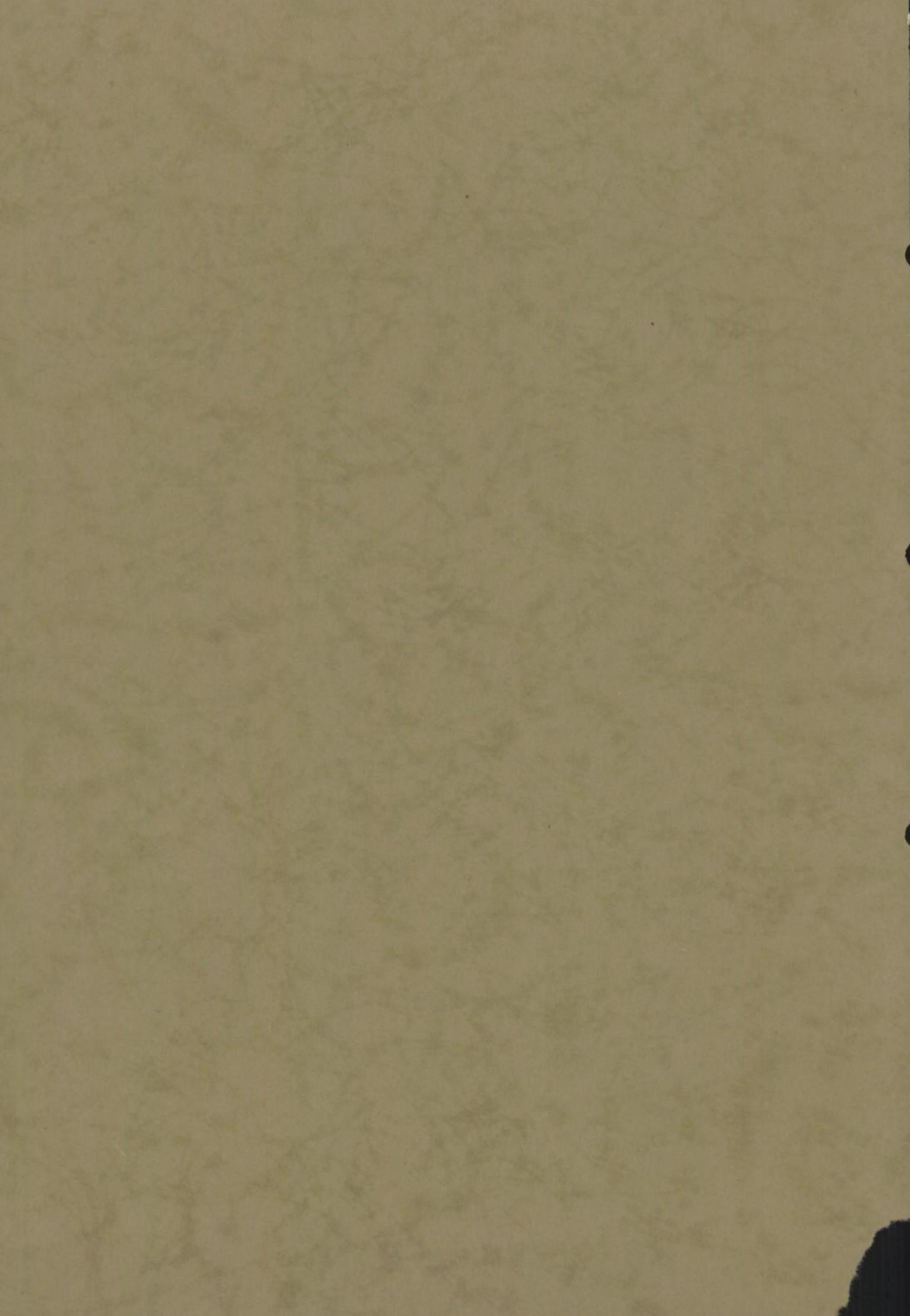


The Gattler

1926

AKEWOOD HIGH SCHOOL



The 1926 Tattler

Year
Book

LAKEWOOD HIGH SCHOOL
LAKEWOOD, NEW YORK
On Chautauqua Lake

Foreword

The staff has attempted to improve your school paper with your help. If you find enjoyment in this Annual of L. H. S., our efforts will not have been futile.

STAFF '26.

In Memoriam

Charles F. Gron

Age 17

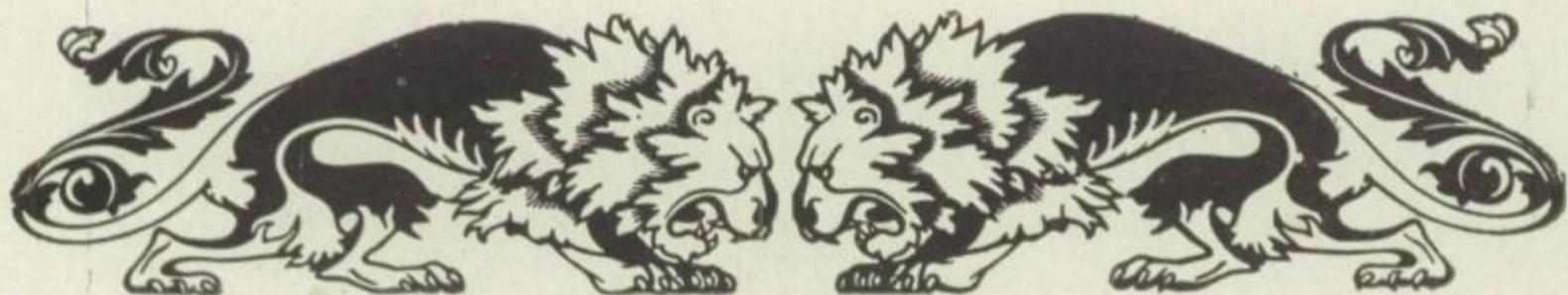
August 4, 1924

Dedication

To those whose uncomplaining sacrifices have made it possible for us to meet life better prepared than they, whose personality and character have been an inspiration to us, and have, we hope, been indelibly impressed upon our own; to those who share with us every joy and every sorrow in our experience, and have made our High School days first an ambition and now an achievement, to our best and dearest friends.

Our Parents

We, the Senior Class of 1926, affectionately dedicate this Annual.



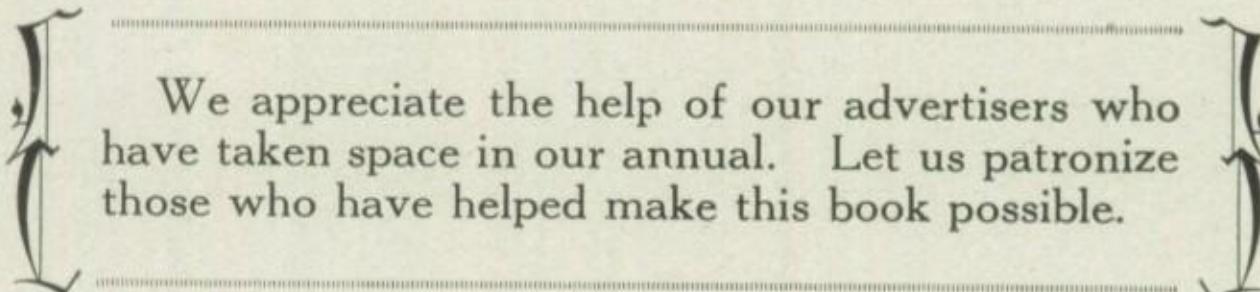
FINE ENGRAVING
EVERYTHING IN JEWELRY

Baldwin's Jewelry Shop

3 West Third Street

Jamestown, New York

PRACTICAL JEWELERS

We appreciate the help of our advertisers who have taken space in our annual. Let us patronize those who have helped make this book possible.

Eight years before U. S. Grant sat in the President's chair, he was clerking in a tannery at \$50.00 a month, but subsequent occurrences indicate that that was not all he was doing. When his chance came, it found him prepared.

ARE YOU PREPARING?

As a part of your preparation, form the habit of THRIFT. Open an Interest Account in this bank. Just pay a little every week—you'll never miss it.

National Chautauqua County Bank

Oldest and Largest Bank in Chautauqua County

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

THE 1926 TATTLER

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<i>Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	LESLIE MAXSON '26
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	-	-	-	DONALD SALES '26
<i>Circulation Manager</i>	-	-	-	PERCY HESLINK '26
<i>Assistant Circulation Manager</i>	-	-	-	JOHN JARRETT '28
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<i>Girls' Sport Editor</i>	-	-	-	HELEN ANDERSON '29
<i>Joke Editor</i>	-	-	-	JACKSON GARDNER '27
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	-	-	-	CORRIE J. WICKS '01

Faculty Advisors

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C. R. MCCLURE	-	-	-	<i>Vice Principal</i>
ISABEL BUCHANAN	-	-	-	<i>English Critic</i>
ANNA E. LOWN	-	-	-	<i>English Critic</i>
ELLA F. HALL	-	-	-	<i>Art Critic</i>



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Faculty

L. R. Mathewson, B. S., Pd.. B., Principal, Syracuse University.....	Science
C. R. McClure, A. B., Maryville College.....	Physical Training, Biology
Anna E. Lown, A. B., Alfred University.....	English and Latin
Pearl E. Anderson, A. B., Cornell University.....	Mathematics
M. Isabel Buchanan, A. B., Oberlin College.....	French and English
Helen McFerren, A. B., Wilson College.....	History and Librarian
Ella F. Hall, B. M., Syracuse University.....	Music and Drawing
Sylvia P. Johnson, Plattsburgh State Normal.....	Commercial
Corrie J. Wicks, Jast. Training School.....	Eighth Grade
Minnie F. Nyweide, Fredonia Normal.....	Seventh Grade
Romayne Woods, A. B., D'Youville College.....	Sixth Grade
Carrie E. Damon, Buffalo Normal.....	Fifth Grade
Marion Reid, La Crosse Normal.....	Fourth Grade
Neva J. Reslink, Sherman Training Class.....	Third Grade
Jessie L. Rublee	Second Grade
Katherine Copeland, Fredonia Normal.....	First Grade

DISTRICT SUPT. OF SCHOOLS

DOROTHY B. CONNELLY

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Selden B. Bemus, President

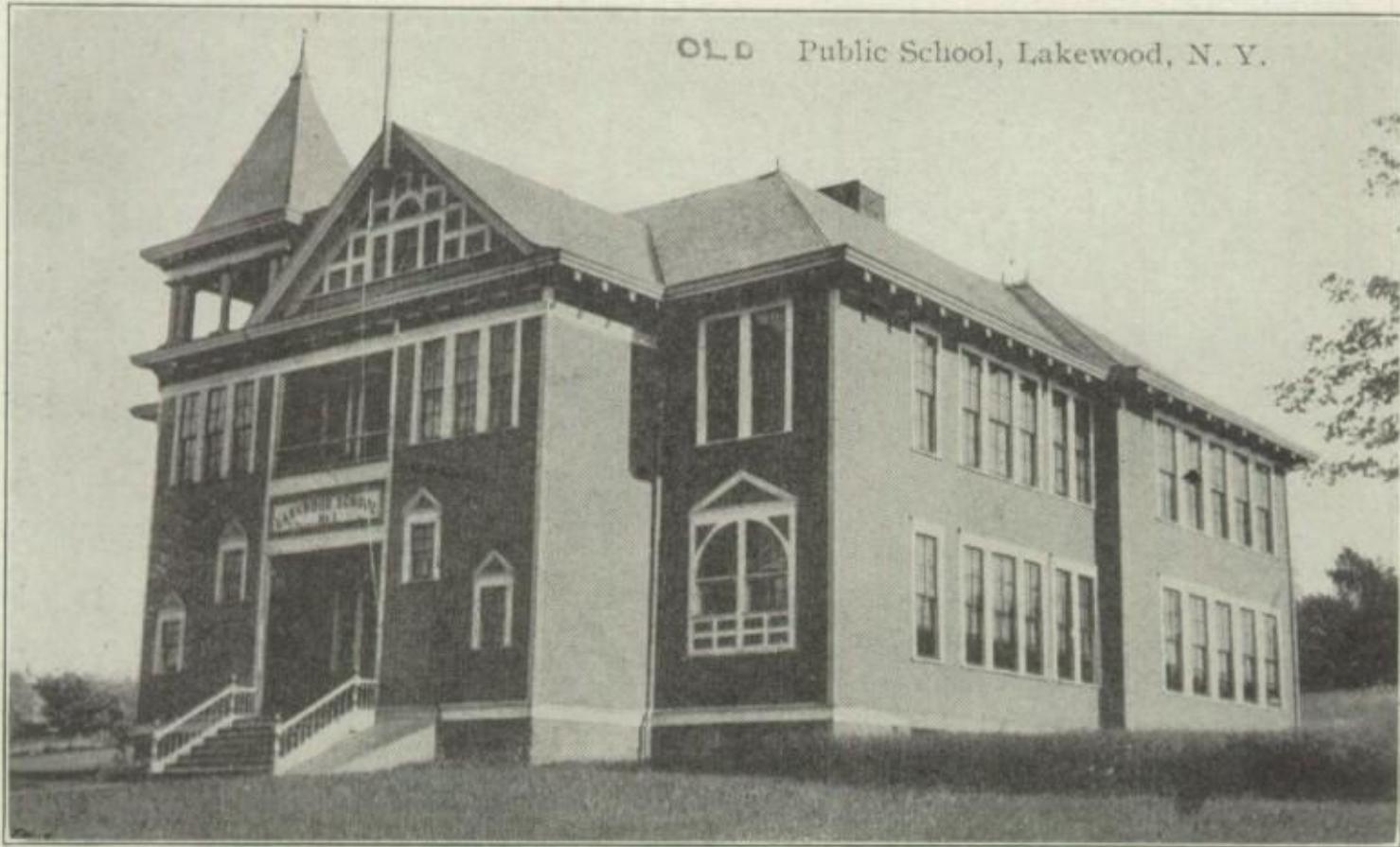
Frances Abrahamson Axel Eckberg

OFFICERS OF THE DISTRICT

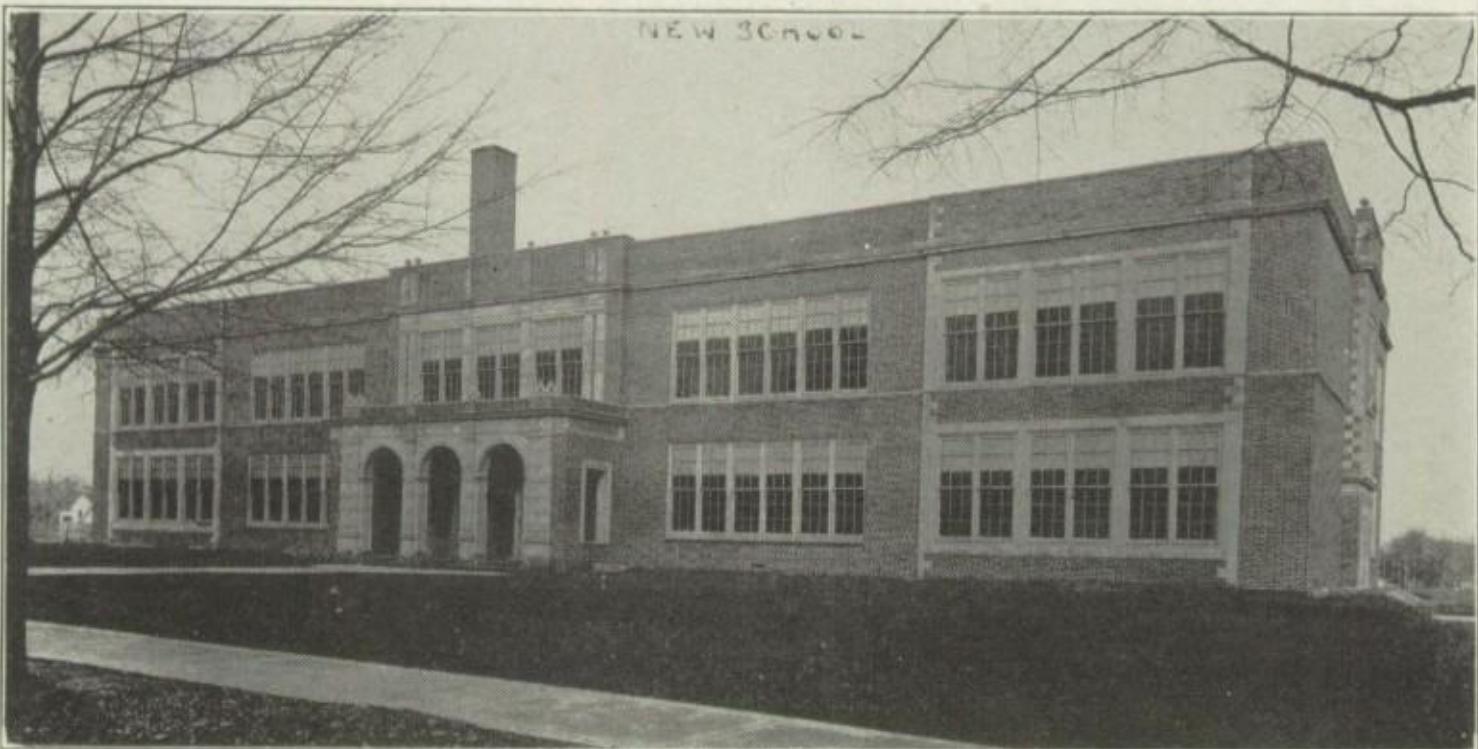
*Clerk, John I. Veness Treasurer, Nina I. Butler Collector, R. H. Maxson
Attendance Officer, Mrs. Wm. Gron
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THE 1926 TATTLER

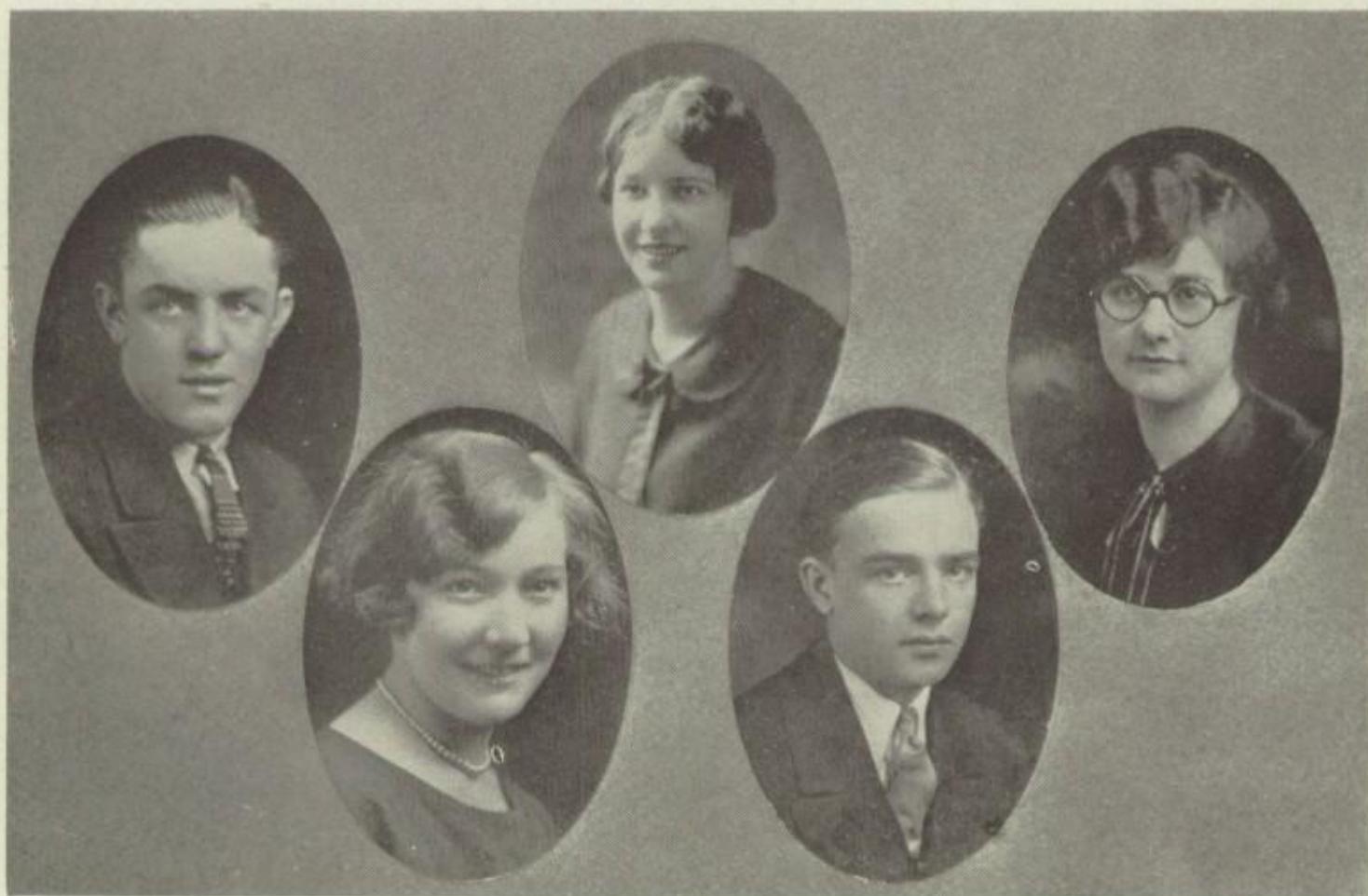
OLD Public School, Lakewood, N. Y.



NEW SCHOOL



Seniors



EMILY BRYANT
"Emmy"

"No one but herself could be her equal"

Class Sec'y. (1, 2); Class Vice Pres. (3); Class Pres. (4); Orchestra (4); "Tattler" Exchange Editor (3); Editor "Tattler" (4); Mgr. Girls' Basket Ball (3); Plays (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Vice Pres. A. A. (4); Prize Speaking (2); Sec'y Student Council (3).

JOHN NICHOLS

"Pickles"

"A man's man!"

Business Mgr. "Tattler" (3); Sec'y. and Treasurer A. A. (3); Pres. A. A. (4); Assistant Editor "Tattler" (4); Class Vice Pres. (4); Basket Ball (3, 4); Baseball (3, 4); Mgr. Track (3); Capt. Football (4); Skating (3, 4).

JEANETTE MARSH

"Jeanne"

*"Not very tall, not very small,
But fair and sweet, and liked by all."*

Class Pres. (1); Class Historian (2); Class Treasurer (4); Basket Ball (3); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Plays (1, 2, 3, 4); Treasurer A. A. (4); Joke Editor "Tattler" (3).

CHARLENE WILSON

"Charley"

*"You were made for enjoyment, and
the world is filled with things you
will enjoy."*

Class Pres. (1); Class Treasurer (2); Class Sec'y. (4); Play (4).

DONALD SALES

"Don"

*"I love to sit on the fence and watch
the snails go whizzing by."*

Class Reporter (3, 4); Plays (2, 3, 4); Orchestra (2, 4); Basket Ball; Track.

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RUTH BURKE

“Ruth”

“Some people positively radiate friendliness.”

Plays (1, 2, 3, 4); Basket Ball (3); Prize Speaking (2).

HESPER HOBART

“Hesperetta”

“One good friend is not to be weighed against all the jewels of the earth.”

Class Vice Pres. (2); Plays (3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4).

ESTHER JOHNSON

“Esther”

“I find the earth not gay, but rosy.”

Class Basket Ball (4).

FLORINE TRASK

“Florine”

“Helpful to all who need you, winning what joys you can.”

Class Sec'y. and Treasurer (1); Glee Club (2).

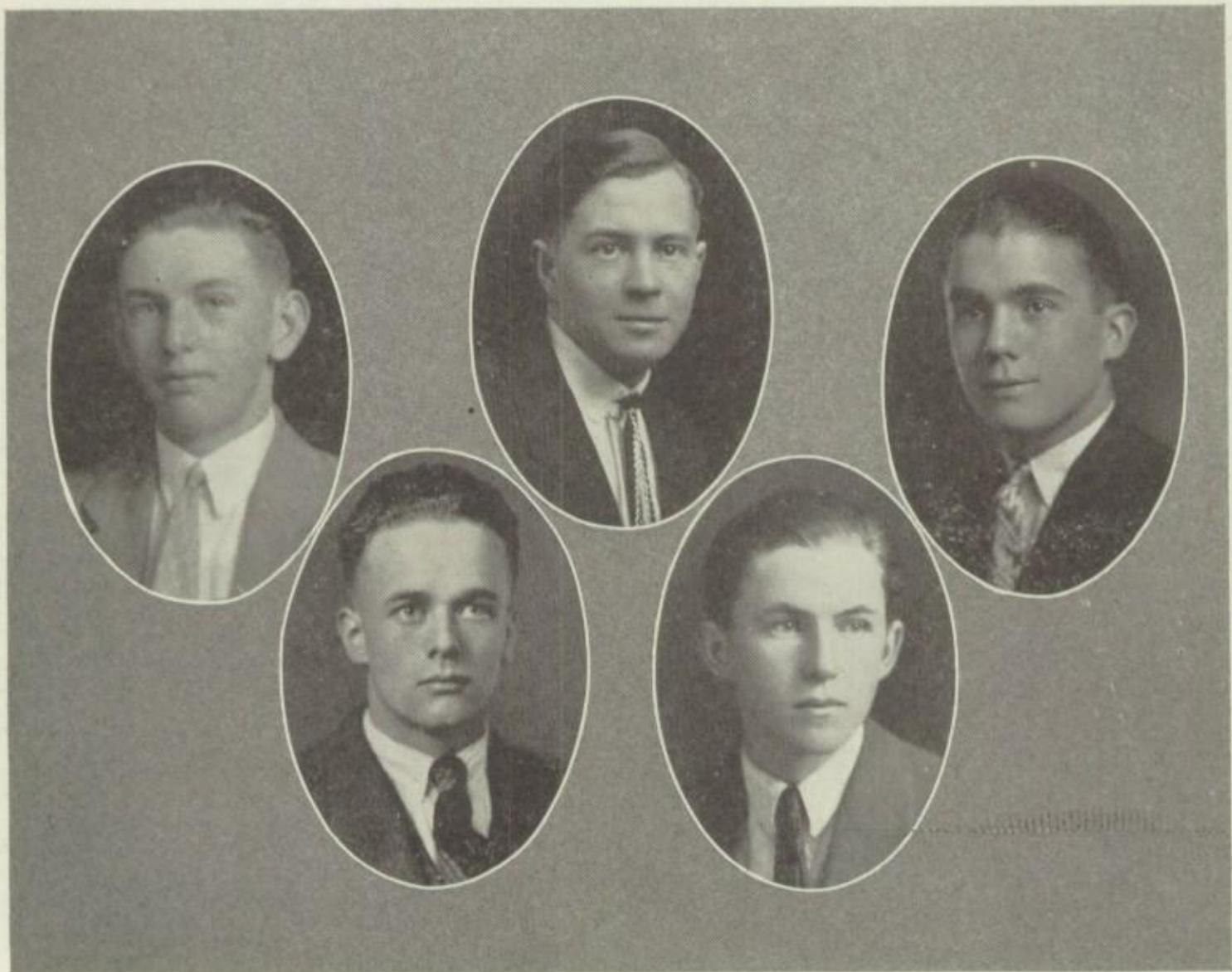
MARJORIE WILBER

“Marj”

“More is thy due, more than all can repay.”

Orchestra (2); Plays (1, 2, 4); Class Pres. (2); Historian (3, 4).

THE 1926 TATTLER



GORDON BURK

“Gord”

“The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.”

Baseball (2, 3); Basket Ball (3); Manager Basket Ball (4); Class Treasurer (3); Student Council (3).

PERCY HESLINK

“Red”

“A red-haired man can always get a girl.”

Basket Ball (4); Baseball (4); Play (4); Subs. Editor “Tattler” (4).

ELMER MELEEN

“Bullet”

“What mischief is concealed behind your blue-eyed innocence!”

Class Reporter (2); Class President (3); President Student Council (3); Manager Baseball (3); Plays (2, 3, 4); Manager and Captain Basket Ball (3); Captain Basket Ball (4); Baseball (2, 4); Track (3, 4).

LESLIE MAXSON

“Bud”

“So shall some thoughts of mine yet encircle the earth.”

Class Sec'y. (3); Business Mgr. “Tattler” (4); Track (3, 4); Basket Ball (3, 4); Football (4); Plays (3, 4); Student Council (3); Sec'y. A. A. (4); Prize Speaking (3).

NORMAN PHELPS

“Norm”

“Nobody would suppose it, but I'm naturally bashful.”

Play (4); Football (4); Basket Ball (4); Track (4).

Class Night

Class President's Address

In welcoming you to our exercises tonight, I do so with a profound realization that ours is a most unusual class. Indeed, I have always had high hopes for this Class of 1926. Even when I saw them come into this school as Freshmen—so green that they thought social science was the art of making friends—I refused to shake my head over them the way the rest of the world did. "No, sir," I said, "this crowd is going to improve. They'll have to!" And friends, I was right!

I am surprised that their sagacity fell so when choosing a president. They have not demonstrated their usual remarkable wisdom.

I am surprised to learn, through secret channels, that there are those who are yet ignorant of the fact that 1926 is the greatest class which has ever been graduated from our school! However, let it pass! As the poet says, "Glory is but a withered wreath."

I am now prepared to present to you some of our statistician's reports, almost too astounding for acceptance. Going back to the beginning of our high school career, we found that we were supplied with wishes and if a wishbone was required for every wish made in that first year, the nearest thing left to a chicken would be a Mexican jumping bean. We soon abandoned wishes for books, and in the last four years we have used books enough.

In that same length of time they have estimated approximately nine and three-fourth millions double-faced phonograph records, playing at full speed, could have recorded almost one-sixth of our recitations; and the nervous energy we have expended in examinations and quizzes during that period would, if transmuted into electricity, be sufficient to keep those same records playing from now until Judgment Day.

It has been estimated that if all the colors of the boys' neckties and the girls' hats, dresses and scarfs worn in the school period were gathered together, they would cause the average African sunset to look like a total eclipse; and if the powder puffs were placed on toothpicks and planted firmly in the ground, they would cover an area equal to the same area planted in mushrooms.

It has also been estimated that if all the pages of Latin perused by the class were laid end to end and piled ten thousand deep, they would make a paved road thirty feet wide to the top of Mt. Everet; or, if turned to more proper use, they would furnish fuel for the S. S. Leviathan for seventy-five round trips around the world.

The president herself believes that the Class of 1926 will have proved for itself even more wonderful sets of figures in the happy future.

So it is, good friends, that I unhesitatingly pronounce the Class of 1926 to be the greatest our school has ever held; and I earnestly hope you will enjoy our exercises all the more for knowing the remarkable qualities of the personages who will participate in them.

M. Emily Bryant, '26.

The History of the Class of 1926

The Class of '26 started its flight through the elements of education one bright morning in September, 1922. The air was so still that the flight was practically uneventful until September, 1923. Pilots were changed, with Miss Zimmerman in command. Marjorie Wilber, Hesper Hobart, Emily Bryant and Charlene Wilson were the officers in charge. The passengers were as follows: Edna Backlund, Ruth Burk, Bernard Carlson, Edna Morse, Elizabeth McIntyre, Donald Sales, Florine Trask, Elmer Wiltsie, and John Nichols.

The first stop was made October 26, at a large barn decorated cleverly in orange and black. A large crowd gathered in the old witch's corner where everyone was treated to a generous portion of brew containing many delightful beverages such as vinegar and castor oil. The evening was spent in games and dancing until the engines started and the captain rang the bell for departure.

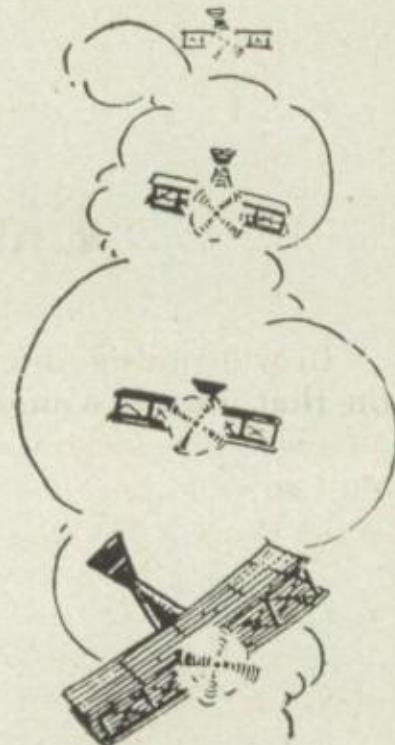
Then came the time when the passengers and crew fervently studied the surrounding scenery such as History, Geometry and Latin, for the great event in January, namely, "Regents."

A fresh start was made following Regents, where so many Sophies had covered themselves with glory. On February 5th, the passengers dropped candy and cake into the outstretched hands of the students of L. H. S. and realized the handsome sum of ten dollars from this affair. Shortly after this the crew decided that colors and a motto must be chosen for them as the plane needed a fresh coat of paint. Brown and Gold was decided upon and a Brown-eyed Susan for decoration. The motto, "Together we Stick, Divided we're Stuck," was painted in blazing glory on each wing.

The crew became very restless about the first of May so they decided to stop once more and give the students of L. H. S. an opportunity to gaze upon the bedecked Sophies. Each Sophomore wore an immense bow of brown and gold, and the teachers all wore a small one. The pictures and desks were given their share of decoration. The Sophies then decided that the other classes needed enlightenment as to their characters. So on each board was written a verse appropriate to the class. The Juniors and Seniors were good sports but much to the dismay and surprise of the rest of the school the Freshies took their verse, "Great Oaks From Little Acorns Grow," very much to heart and really were peeved. However, the day ended with a grand flourish of Sophomore wit, and thus another epoch in the history of the Class of '26 was closed. Having remained in the aeroplane of knowledge for such a great length of time it became necessary for the crew to exercise their social qualities; so on, May 9, a successful dance was held and the Sophies were forty dollars nearer Washington.

June came all too soon, and with it the departure of our much loved sponsor, Miss Zimmerman. The class surely appreciated the splendid help and sponsorship of Miss Zimmerman, and sent her off with best wishes for a happy and prosperous future. Thus the second year of the Class of 1926 ended.

After a fine summer the Class of '26 returned to school as Juniors; but such a difference! No longer did the stairs creak and the building shake at the pounding of feet, for we have a new building! Under a new sponsor, Miss McFerran, and a new crew, the ship of '26 once more launched into the air. This time the officers in charge were, Elmer Meleen, Emily Bryant, Leslie Maxson, and Gordon Burk. The fees for the year's flight were \$1.00 a passenger.



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Only three weeks had elapsed when the plane stopped for a very enjoyable weiner roast at Stow, New York. The evening was spent in games and eating, —mostly eating! Why! You'd think to see some of them eat, especially Don, that they never had anything to eat.

Test after test passed by, with the Juniors high up in the ranks of (000's). Finally the weird mysterious time of Hallowe'en came. Florine proved to be a most charming and able hostess at a party given by her for the Juniors. Every one experienced a chilled spine when a ghost entered the room and announced the "Death of Solomon Chase." Indeed the Juniors appreciated the hospitality of the "Trasks."

From Hallowe'en to January the course of the plane was smooth, with very little trouble in the machine of discipline; for, of course, the Juniors are star pupils in every way! What? Did I hear some one disagree? Oh! Well! I realize we aren't properly appreciated!

January and February were undisturbed, but you should have been on board the plane March 25, when, much to the joy of the Juniors, the rings of '26 arrived. Being so strong mentally the Juniors needed some way of showing to the rest of the school their physical superiority, so they selected two lions for their mascots.

The next big event was the reception which we tendered the Seniors. Marjorie Wilber and Florine Trask took the role of crooks; and, with the aid of their mothers, served a delicious meal at the Odd Fellow's Hall. From there everyone went to Charlene Wilson's hall at Niobe. The Seniors assured us that they enjoyed our program; and, in return, gave the Juniors a picnic supper at Bentley's woods.

From then on the main feature of the trip was "Study," until Regents had come and gone, thus ending our year as Juniors.

During the summer vacation the plane was thoroughly overhauled, and everyone was ready for a fresh start. This time our pilot was Miss Sylvia Johnson and the officers in charge were Emily Bryant, John Nichols, Charlene Wilson and Jeanette Marsh.

Our first duty was to initiate the new Freshies; so we took them to Niobe and kindly daubed their faces with shoe blacking, after which we gave them a good feed and a most glorious time.

Since we had become so accustomed to the higher atmosphere of education we were bothered but little, and early in the fall, found a good landing place in which to hold a dance. As usual it was a grand success and we cleared over \$50.00!

However, the trip to Washington was going to be quite an expense because we simply had to give the plane a new coat of paint for this side trip. The problem was finally solved by charging each person a penny a day, and our Washington budget constantly increased.

Our play, "Welcome Home, Jimmy," was given December 16 at the High School gymnasium. That, too, was a great success, from which we realized over \$100.00. In fact it was so widely acclaimed that we not only had to stop in Falconer and entertain them, but were requested to return to Lakewood again and repeat it for those who missed our premier performance.

This year the pilot was kept busy making suitable landings, and once more we stopped to proclaim our presence to those on earth. This time we held a magnificent circus in the gymnasium, much to the delight of the little folks.

With the coming of Easter vacation our plane left for Washington where it was royally welcomed by all the high officials. From the Capitol it made side trips to Atlantic City and Philadelphia to increase the adventures of the cruise.

On its return to Lakewood the crew settled down to steady flying and hard work, for their final flight was to be a short one.

THE 1926 TATTER

After flying among the tree tops and birds so long, some of the crew thought they would like to give their voices a trial; so, on April 23, they sang the "Toreadors," a Spanish operetta, and thereby added \$50.00 to their treasury.

May 7th, the crew received a telegram requesting their presence in Bear Lake on that same evening. When we arrived, we were entertained at a lively reception as the guests of the Junior Class of L. H. S.

At last this plane has reached its destination. Regents arrived and everyone worked hard to pass these final tests which were to determine how many have really become aces; for in order to be an ace, in this field of knowledge, one must hold a diploma signed by our principal and Board of Education.

The flight is finished, the plane in its final resting place, and now the crew must say goodbye to old L. H. S. and all the many friends and associations which it has held and still holds so dear.

—Marjorie E. Wilber, '26.

Salutatory

Parents we love, teachers who are dear to us, friends all who have gathered here with us tonight to celebrate this significant day in our lives, I greet you in the name of the Class of 1926.

There are those of you here who can remember us as we stood upon the threshold of high school for the first time. We were scared; we were trembling with awe. Some of us, I am sure even imagined that the principal devoured Freshmen! Altogether, I suppose we were about as unseasoned a group of newcomers as ever came knocking at the school's doors; but we found those doors open wide before us! We discovered that our every hope and aspiration was recognized and enfolded with loving sympathy within these hospitable walls.

You who had gone before us, parents, teachers, friends, made easy the way. You gave of your time, of your funds, of your thought, that we might stand here today better equipped to face the world. More important, you gave of your love and understanding so that we might gain, within these portals, broadened intelligences, trained minds, and greater sympathies. If, in any degree, we have achieved these things; if, as we stand before you now in glory of this day for which we have striven, you discover anything of merit in our accomplishments—the handiwork is yours!

Perhaps you can remember back to the day when you yourself stood where we now stand. If so, you will realize what deep pleasure your presence here tonight gives us—how overflowing are our hearts with love and gratitude to you who have made possible the happiness of this hour.

You have smoothed away our schoolday problems with words of encouragement and advice. You have given us from the rich store of your experience. By your counsel you have brought fresh meaning and inspiration into our studies. You have laughed with us at our follies, and forgiven our faults. In a word—you have been "with us all the way."

Now you have gathered with us to share our joy in this great milestone reached. The significance of this day is made poignant for us by your presence. Our pride of accomplishment would be as nothing without your pleasure in us today.

Perhaps in these years we have seemed heedless of all you have done for us. I am afraid that we did take it for granted as our just due, most of the time. But that does not mean that we are not grateful.

You do not ask us for returns, I know. You will consider your goodness well-spent, the dollars well taken from your pockets, if we are honest, upright citizens striving to do our part in coming years to solve the troubrous problems which beset our country—endeavoring worthily to fulfill our appointed places in life. Yet, with the love and guidance you have given us, we cannot help feeling that we shall do still more; that we, like you, our mothers and fathers, will have our turn in helping still other high school boys and girls to a finer and nobler appreciation of the gifts life has to offer. If we can do this task—and do it with one-half the graciousness and bounteous kindness with which you have envisaged it,—then we may feel that your efforts for us have not been lived in vain.

Today the ink is scarcely dry upon the diplomas we are about to receive. Our footsteps are still echoing in these halls we love. Yet we are already a part of the great world beyond. We see before us new vistas—new problems—new responsibilities. We are able to look behind us with new vision, and see just what a great part you who are here tonight have played in fitting us to meet worthily and face calmly the stresses of the way before us. With a new seriousness, gained in the years behind, along with the good times we shall remember, We say to you simply, yet with all our hearts, "Thank you!"

—Emily Bryant, '26.

Farewell Alma Mater

Oh, Comrades, bound by friendship's lasting tie,
With courage face the coming breach of years,
That visions unfulfilled may still not die,
That sorrow may through us be eased of tears!
Yes! Wars shall cease and seem a troubled dream—
All battles shall be fought in Spring—with flowers
And Beauty cover all, a surging stream
Of sinewed youth; these boundless duties ours!
As weary, seaworn sailors, tempest torn,
Are buoyed up with hopes and thoughts of home,
So shall our mem'ries dear our hearts adorn,
Renew our faith, when each afar shall roam.
Our precious, cloistered hours, songs and books,
The merry laugh of carefree play and game—
These must now pass. Life holds no secret nooks
From ruthless time. New joys are not the same.
As boundless, Alma Mater, as the sea,
Has been thy love; nor shall the mountains last
Less long than our enduring love for thee;
To thy ideals of life shall we hold fast;
Our wills have been well tempered by the old
To mould and shape the nature of the new;
So, with full hearts, high hopes, and courage bold,
The Class of '26 bids thee Adieu!

—Donald Sales, '26.

1926 Graphologs

(A large desk or table occupies the center of the stage, at which is seated the class prophet with a pile of papers before him. Another student enters).

C. P.—"Good morning, you're Mr. Heslink I believe, sit down. I have your report ready for your approval."

Percy Heslink—"Thank you. You see, I was curious, Doctor Nichols."

C. P.—"Exactly. I understand perfectly. When you heard of our newly discovered system of numerical grapholog, which can foretell perfectly the future of a subject by submitting his handwriting to our new secret process, you wished to find out what old father time had in store for your classmates of 1926. Isn't that right?"

Percy—"Well, yes you see——"

C. P.—"Ah, yes! Well, young man you shall see what I have in store for you. The report I have here is astonishing. I have the honor of announcing to you, that you have been associated with some of the country's geniuses. I am prepared to go over with you each specimen of handwriting and point out the destiny of the writer. Shall I begin?"

Percy—"Is that so Doc? Think of that! The biggest celebrities of the future. Let's get started."

C. P.—"Ah, you see following your instruction, I have adjusted our delicate mechanism to register ten years in the future. Thus, by testing each specimen, I have obtained for you, the position in life of each of your classmates ten years from now. Take this first one, for example:—Let's see, Ah, Emily Bryant! Look at the force and ability already expressed in that hand. Do you wonder that by means of our instruments we were able to determine that in ten years time this girl will have reached the position of foremost song writer of the decade. She will sail to Europe where she will complete one of her new song hits. The Graph-O-Metre shows that she will have won the Irving Berlin prize three years in succession, an unheard of feat, with her trilogy of songs, 'Mushrooms,' 'The Stupid One,' and 'What Price Boy-Bobs'."

Percy—"Think of that, I guess we knew what we were doing when we made "Emy" our class president, all right. We certainly hitched our wagon to a planet didn't we? And what about Marjorie Wilber, what will she be doing ten years from now?"

C. P.—"Ah yes, here is her paper (as he talks he picks up in succession the sheets of paper before him.) This is what the Graph-O-metre predicts for her. Note the charm of character in her writing. We are able to learn that she will use it well, for she is to become president of the American Orphan Asylum Association. She is to be directly responsible for giving to all children over America a new life of usefulness and recreation by means of asylums established in all parts of the country."

Percy—"Hurrah for Peg! and who's next?"

C. P.—"Leslie Maxson. You may be surprised to hear that this chap will have achieved a signal honor, not only in the eyes of the U. S., but all of the world. He will be the first American Chairman of the World Court, having reached that post after a brilliant career as the youngest justice ever to hold a position in U. S. Supreme Court."

Percy—"Is that so?"

C. P.—"But Mr. Maxson is not the only one to become famous. Here is Mr. Gordon Burk of the future, plain Gordon Burk now, who in ten years will be recognized among scientists over all the world. And what he will do in building automobiles, Elmer Meleen will do in the ministry. He will enter the ministry soon after his graduation, and in a decade's time will have become the rector of a huge church in the heart of New York City."

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Percy—"Say, Doc, that's funny. I never knew he went to church. And—well, do you mind taking me next?"

C. P.—"Let's see, Percy Heslink, it seems that soon after graduation some fate will prompt you to take a journey. You will be shipwrecked and picked up by another vessel bound for the Solomon Islands. You will have a noteworthy career on those islands, ending in the discovery of large ore deposits which will give you a name throughout the world."

Percy—"Me, the owner of large ore deposits, well I always did consider my time worth paying for."

C. P.—"While we're speaking of paying, let me tell you that your classmate, Miss Charlene Wilson will be in a position to pay for all little trifles she may want in ten years time, such as yachts and private cars. Miss Wilson, as you see, has extremely brilliant strokes in her handwriting, besides which her capital letters denotes pure luck. She will begin as secretary to the president of the Jamestown Cigar and Candy Company, and upon his death, will assume his responsibilities, (and his income), herself. In ten years time, she will be very wealthy, besides being the first woman president of such a huge corporation. All her success will not spoil her, however, and she will marry, for love, a very intelligent young man, now president of the Falconer Trust Company."

Percy—"Whew! Pretty big order for Charley, I'll say, and what's going to become of her side partner, Jeanette Marsh?"

C. P.—"Just ten years from now, the audience at a brilliant opening of the Metropolitan Opera will hail as a second Melba a woman with a golden voice, a magnificent presence and winning personality. This will be none other than Jeanette Marsh."

"You will be impressed to hear, too, that that same winter New York will ring with praise of a new Hamlet, the tragedian of the era. A player whose tragic roles will be played with a touch of genius reminiscent of Booth and Mantel, yet far surpassing both. Your old classmate, Donald Sales, will achieve these honors and at this same time Ruth Burke will be claiming honors as the second 'Florence Nightingale'."

Percy—"Well. I always did think our class was pretty good. We certainly aren't exactly going to fade out of life. Any more renowned characters up your sleeve?"

C. P.—"Let's see, here's a girl who will revolutionize modern art. Ten years from now she will have an exhibition of her paintings at the Louvre, in Paris, to which people from all over the world will flock for enlightenment. Hesper Hobart is a name that will go down in every history of fine arts."

"And while we are on the subject of art, your friend Norman Phelps, besides being famous as an inventor, will be instrumental in opening an entirely new branch of art. A means by which a young man may conceal his confusion on being spoken to by a young lady."

"Then still another inventor, scientist, and noted authority, will arise from your midst, a girl. Florine Trask, after spending years of study will emerge from her hidden laboratory as the charming young inventor of a system of thought transference which will far eclipse her previous triumph as the woman scientist who gave the world the first practical method of putting a baby to sleep without rocking it."

Percy—"Well, Trasky always was hanging around the chemistry lab. even back in school, and then just one more and that is Esther Johnson, what is in store for her?"

C. P.—"After finishing school she will attend Wells College, and later she will be employed as elocution instructor in a girls school at Scranton, Pa."

Percy—"That's funny, I never knew she could speak and to think that you can tell all that by means of our handwriting. Did you ever analize your own handwriting in your mysterious machine, Doc?"

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C. P.—"Yes, I have had the curiosity to do that very thing. And I have the honor to inform you that the Graph-O-metre has dealt kindly with me also. I shall be sought out, after a brilliant career as a handwriting expert, for an honor which, after due consideration, I shall consider it my duty to accept. In short, the kind citizens of the United States will take no denial and will demand that I set aside my modesty and become President of the United States."

Percy—"Wow! Well, here are my congratulations ahead of time, Johnny, (he and *C. P.* shake hands and bow, exiting together.)

—John Nichols, *Class Prophet.*

Address to the Juniors

Each June brings with it the problem of completion to some class. Now it is our turn to finish our work and leave a place for another class. Throughout our high school course we, the Class of '26, have striven always to uphold the honor of our school. In our studies we have tried to do our best even though it was not always easy; in our sports we have thought of the other fellow and have cheered him when he won the honors. It has not been a petty thing to fill the place which foregoing classes have left and their standard has been high, but as we stand before you tonight we do not feel ashamed for we have done our best.

As the Class of '26 says goodbye, it cannot forget the friendliness which has been prevalent between it and its successor, the Class of '27. We stand now on the threshold of a greater life and you, Class of '27 must fill our place. In acknowledgment of this, we, the Class of '26 present to you, this Key of Knowledge. It stands for all that is great and should be a reminder to you of the class whose place you are filling. May you guard it well!

—Jeanette Marsh, '26.

Reply to the Seniors

The Class of '27, who must attempt to fill the gap in L. H. S. by becoming Seniors while you join the throng of Alumni, takes this opportunity to express our appreciation of the work of the Senior Class during their High School years. We feel that the scholarship of L. H. S. is higher because you have belonged to us and have been one of us; that our ideal of sportsmanship is more worth while because of your example.

In accepting this key we wish to express our regret that you are leaving L. H. S. to enter upon an entirely new phase of life. But as we look back over your high school years, we feel there can be nothing but success in store for you.

Tonight, the Class of '27 must bid you goodbye. To those of you who are entering college will be the opportunity to bring greater honor to your Alma Mater thru scholarship and character, for Lakewood High School will be judged by the type of student it sends out. To all we wish to say that wherever you may go or whatever you may do, the Class of '27 hopes and believes that you will find what you are striving for—SUCCESS.

—Jackson Gardner, '27.

Gifts to the Graduates

Esther, this is to aid you in making your voice heard above the din of the Senior Class (megaphone).

Donald, I hope this spare tire will be of service to you if you have a puncture while you are on your way to a certain destination; but start early enough so you won't be late.

Hesper, this ticket will bring you to newly acquired friends who live at Scranton, Pa.

Gordon, we hope that this speedometer will aid you while traveling to and from parties so you will keep your speed down to 30 miles an hour, and the young ladies will be allowed to ride with you.

Florine, the Senior Class hopes that this date book will be of service to you in your future travels when you meet young men friends.

Leslie, this gift is to be used on your trips that you might get the addresses of the friends whom you would like to remember. (Address book.)

Marjorie, this book is very necessary to those who intend to take up Home Economics, and I understand you are going to take charge of an Orphanage Asylum. (Cookbook).

John, this ice pick may be an incentive to you to follow Red Grange.

Jeanette, this is to start you off right when you are making your debut in the Metropolitan Opera. (Music Pitch).

Percy, when you wish to hide put this cap on so your hair won't show your head light.

Charlene, as you live in a small village and it is difficult to get stamps, these stamps will be of great convenience to you when you write to Falconor.

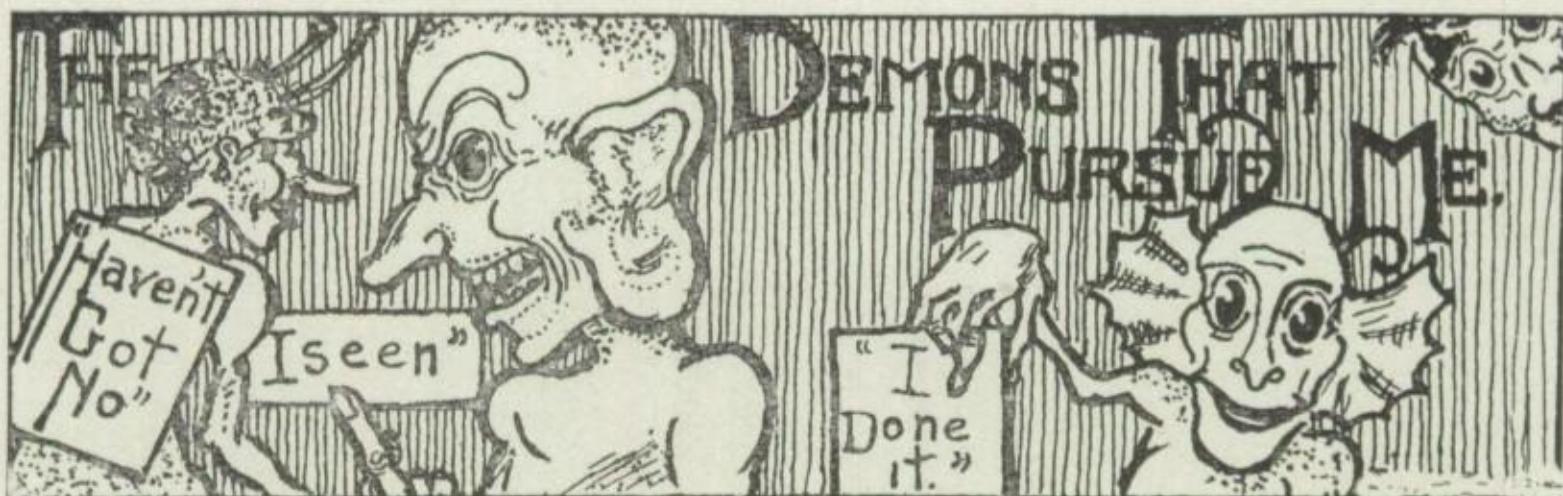
Elmer, this pin has been made especially for you, so that when you wish to prick some one you won't have to reach so far.

Emily, this is to represent your steadfastness of mind. (Donkey).

Norman, these glasses are to hide your eyes when you meet young ladies.

Ruth, this will assist you in being on time. (Clock).

—Ruth Burk.
—Norman Phelps.



Senior Class Will

(Apologies to Shakespeare)

Friends, Lakewood-ites and hicks—
Lend me your ears;
I come to bury the Senior Class not to praise it.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with this class.

Here under leave of Mr. Mathewson and the Board,—
For Mr. Mathewson is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men
Come I so speak at the Senior's funeral.

It was my class, faithful and just to me:
But Mr. Mathewson says it was a failure
And Mr. Mathewson is an honorable man.
We have brought many honors to Lakewood High
Did this in the Seniors seem a failure?

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love us once; not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then to mourn for us?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

But here's a parchment with the seal of the Seniors.
I found it in our cupboard; 'tis our will:
Let but the students hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And what they would, we dare not guess.

Student: We'll hear the will; read it,
The will, the will; we will hear the
Senior's will.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how the Seniors loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but students;
And, being students, hearing the will of the Seniors
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are its heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Students; Read the will; we'll hear it
You shall read us the will, the Senior's will.

Well, then, here is the will, and under the Senior's seal.

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We, the Class of '26, of the village of Lakewood, County of Chautauqua and State of New York, do make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament that it is to read as follows:

1st. To Miss Johnson, our faithful sponsor, a more orderly Senior Class at Washington.

2nd. To Miss Buchanan, our unsurpassed knowledge and originality in English IV. which she may dispose of as she sees fit.

3rd. To Miss Anderson, our very best wishes for her future success.

4th. To Miss McFerran, much joy in her new position.

5th. To Miss Lown, the joy of watching the departure of the Seniors.

6th. To Miss Hall, all of the knowledge acquired from the talented artists of the class.

7th. To Mr. Mathewson, to whom we owe our success, all of the caramels left from the Senior Class candy, also the toys used by the Seniors during their Freshmen year.

8th. To Mr. McClure, all of the honor received as coach of the athletic Seniors.

9th. To Miss Wicks, a more attentive Senior Play cast next year.

10th. To Mr. Brown, our faithful janitor, a neater Senior Class in years to come.

To the following students, we bequeath:

The Juniors, the use of our Christmas tree.

The Freshies, some of our dignity.

To John Jay Butler, John Nichols' athletic ability.

To Charlotte Gron, Emily's leadership ability.

To Leroy Wilcox, Leslie Maxson's good looks.

To Marjorie Tillotson, Jeanette's vocal talent.

To Sally Howe, Hesper's ability to keep quiet unless spoken to.

To Jackson Gardner, Norman's bashfulness.

To Ione Perkins, Florine Trask's long hair.

To Emogene Golding, Ruth Burke's endless pleasantness.

To Irene Barker, Esther Johnson's bashfulness.

To Sheldon, Elmer's curly hair and a ribbon to keep it in place.

To Elizabeth Rudgers, Donald's good nature.

To Willard Ayers, Percy's red hair.

To Martha Vergith, a rolling pin in case she may need it.

To Ira Waide, Gordon's quietness.

To the following candy salesman, Charlene's salesmanship ability.

To John Button, the gum left in the Senior room.

To Herman Carlson, Florine's writing ability.

To Robert Pierce, Marjorie Wilber's typing ability.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint Miss Sylvia Johnson sole executrix of this last Will and Testament of ours.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal, this 21st day of June, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-six.

Class of 1926, L. H. S.

And We Do Certify that the said party at the time they executed said instrument in our presence and declared the same to each of us to be their last Will and Testament were of Sound Minds, Memories, and Understandings, and were in all respects competent to make the same, and were not under any restraint.

Witnesses:

Sylvia Johnson, M. Isabel Buchanan.

—Charlene E. Wilson.

Valedictory

More than two thousand years ago, a meteor flashed through the pages of history. The Madman of the North, he was called Alexander the Great, of Macedon. A youth of twenty-two or three, in ten brief years he accomplished an incredible work. He conquered all of the known world. And then he died—tragically at Babylon, sighing, so they say, for more worlds to conquer.

It is not granted to all men to tame great horses in their youth as did this ancient hero. Not every boy can be instructed by the great thinker Aristotle. But, slowly and surely, through the ages, humanity has acquired greater teachings than were ever dreamed of by this great Greek and his teacher.

Today we stand at the threshold of an era which, by comparison, makes the conquests of Alexander seem small. Not today would we sigh for more worlds to subdue. Science has discovered new and unconquered realms—and realms where the youth of the world may adventure without injury to their fellow mortals. Science, the great new force, which, for the first time in the history of the world, unites mankind! No longer shall we rend a fellowman, but rather—heal him!

It is a glorious thing to be granted life in a day of new and unconquered worlds. They exist everywhere: in the scientist's laboratory the business man's office, the publicist's study. Only this year two more have been opened in the discovery of a system of wireless telephony and, an even larger realm for modern adventurers, the rumor of a method of thought transference.

We, the Class of 1926, realize that it is a privilege to be alive in the day of such newly discovered worlds. We realize that we, in a measure, are the crusaders of the future. We are destined to battle against Oppression and Ignorance; and, like the Crusaders of old, we kneel to receive your blessings, blessings which have been bestowed so liberally upon us in days gone by.

We have been learning of the past during these calm years at school. We have learned how the sacred flame of knowledge has been kept burning through the ages since the time of Alexander. Not long since, such gracious places of learning as this dear school were undreamed of. Time and again, in the dark past, that shining flame has flickered almost out. Indeed there was a time, in the tenth century, when one man represented the entire learning of the age, so it is said. Tremble for the beacon light of knowledge then! Suppose that one man had died with his tale untold.

But it was told. And his pupils repeated it yet again. So has the flame been preserved! It has come down to us—the present. We have enshrined it in the halls of tens of thousands of schools all over the world. And never again, we believe, will darkness threaten to envelop that world in the gloom of ignorance; certainly not while schools like ours are teaching truth and wisdom and goodness; not while worthy teachers are devoting their lives to fitting youth to carry on this great enterprise of fanning that white flame of knowledge to an even greater brilliance—one that shall indeed “light the world;” not while you, dear parents, gathered here tonight, and others like you, are giving so generously of yourselves to us, all unworthy, that we may secure the training in mind and body, that will enable us to “bear the light” to future generations. We have learned much from books. Our studies have broadened and deepened the channels of our minds; but deeper than all this has been our often unexpressed appreciation of the efforts you have expended in our behalf. We have seemed thoughtless, heedless, but we have noted and been grateful.

You have smoothed out all our trouble with your sympathetic understanding. You have inspired us to study, smiled us to pleasure, applauded our success. Best of all, you have given us this great chance to become worthy citizens of the future. You have made possible the years now behind us of good

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comradeship, rich in associations, and full of lessons in right thinking not learned from books alone. We have seen your goodness and deep within us we have responded. Tonight, facing the future, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

To you, beloved teachers, we also owe a debt of helpfulness given, of friendly counsel. It is not ours to repay—we could not repay the warm human spirit which you have shown in your daily association with us, in these glad days now ending. We cannot pay this debt, but we can recognize it! We can strive to show you who have so patiently and kindly guided our steps toward the light we were seeking, that you have not labored in vain; that your teachings, in us, will have a newer and broader influence; that we through you, have been made kinder, more intelligent young men and women, better fitted to cope with the problems which we see before us, both in our own lives, and in that world life which you have shown us exists in every corner of the universe today.

A man has dwelt among us who by his constant touch has always led us to a higher understanding of the needs of this double duty before us—our principal. We wish to thank him for his ever-present goodness, for his life, lived out among us as a continual reminder of the ways of service. By his every act and precept he has constantly made us aware of the great age in which we are living, of the great day of humanity we may live to see.

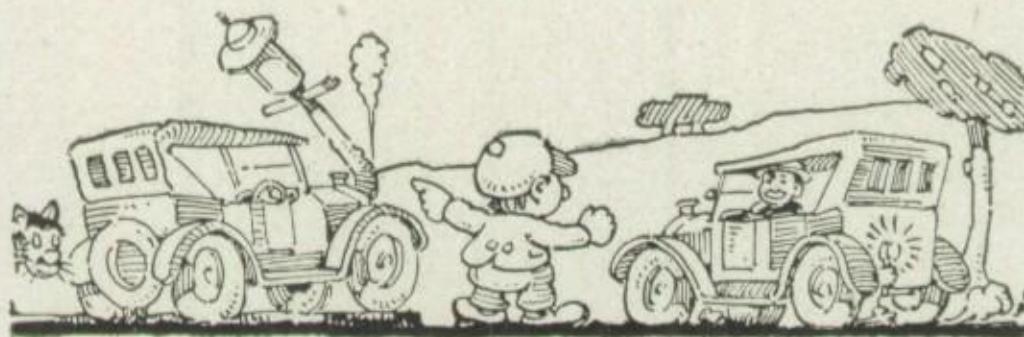
My classmates, to many of us this day is one more of regrets than of joys. We feel the satisfaction of work well accomplished. Yet, above all, we feel the haunting morrow of a coming parting with friends dearly loved with haunts poignantly familiar.

The curtain is down, you say. The lights are out. The play is done. And yet to each of us, dear classmates, our years here have been but a schooling for the sterner drama of life. Even as we look, the new day is upon us. Already, the curtain is slowly rising. Soon each of us must step forward to strut his hour on the stage of the world, perhaps with heart strengthened and spirit made strong by this last meeting here.

We will encounter new things in the days to come. There will be important affairs in which we shall take part, great deeds to do, new worlds to conquer. It is my dearest wish that sometime in the future, we shall gather once again within the walls of the dear school which now sends us forth. We shall meet to sing the old songs, to jest the old jests. Then we shall look into each other's faces and ask, one of another, how each has fared in the great world. Of that time, I have but one wish to offer. May we all, without exception, be judged worthy sons and daughters of the old school!

Friends, classmates, with a smile upon our lips, with our faces turned ever to the glowing future, and with this prayer of worthiness in our hearts, may we go joyfully toward the golden tomorrow. Yet let us never forget the lessons of virtue and right living which we learned here, enfolded kindly within the arms of this, our Alma Mater.

—Leslie W. Maxson, '26.



Presentation of School Gift

Dear Friends and Classmates:

The Class of 1926 wishes to show in some minute way the ever glowing spark of friendship and appreciation for its Alma Mater. The memory of what Lakewood High School has meant to us will linger forever in our minds. It has been hard to select a gift which will adequately express our appreciation and esteem for our teachers and school, so with humble gratitude for these opportunities we present to dear old L. H. S. this Sanitary Cabinet.

Each time that it serves you may it be a monument to that which is fine and noble in our work.

—Elmer Meleen, '26.

(Tune of Auld Lang Syne)

I. The Lakewood school is sure our pride,
And ne'er will we forget,
Our teachers kind and friends so dear,
We leave them with regret.

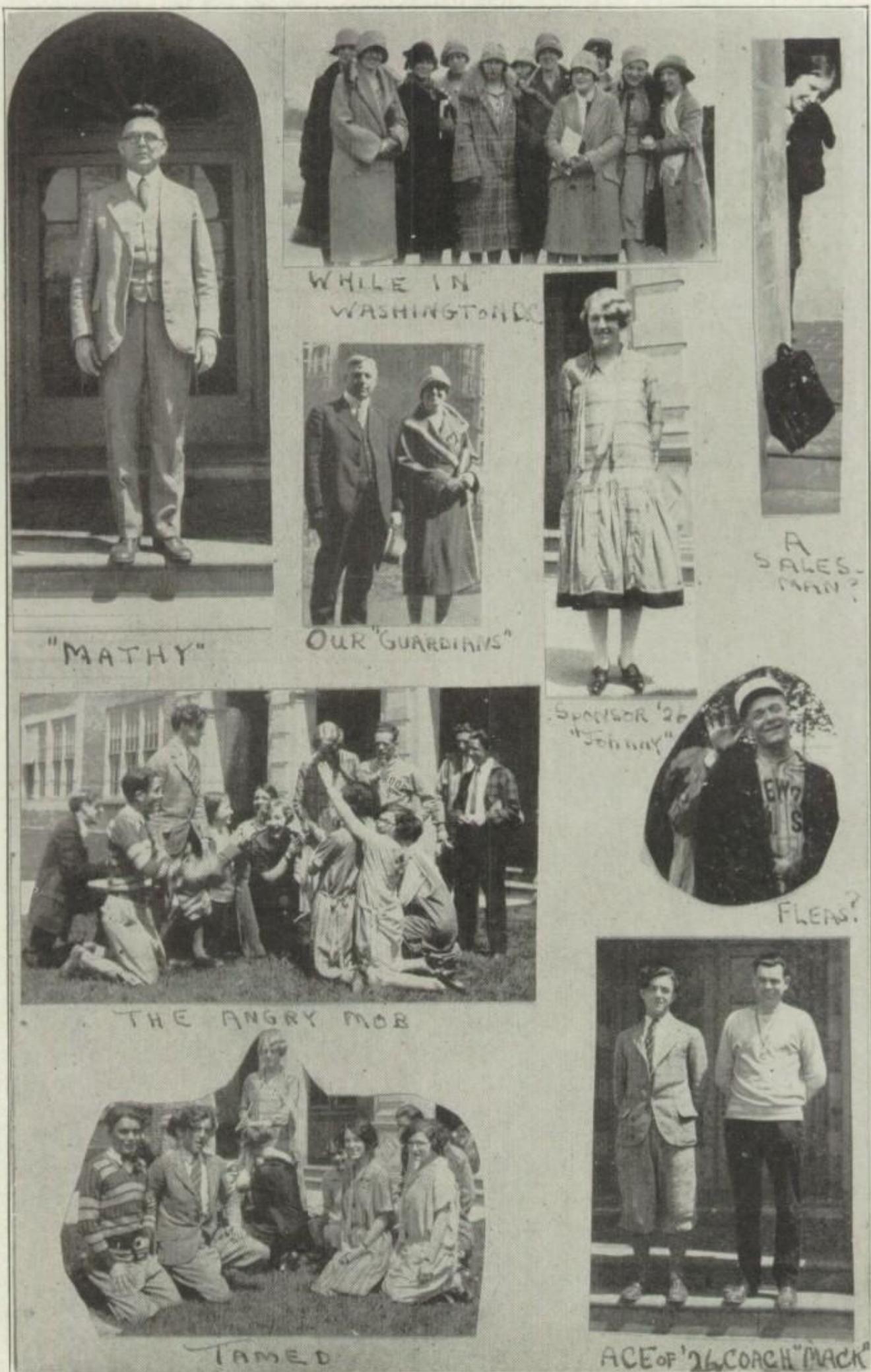
CHORUS

Then cheer your school, my friends again
And let the Echo ring
We've done our best to meet the test,
So let's be glad and sing.

II. Our classmates all are of the type
That's very hard to beat;
We're full of pluck and with good luck
Will never say retreat.

III. The days are gone, the good old days
And ne'er will come again,
But in the future we'll aspire
To honor Lakewood's name.

—Hesper E. Hobart, '26.



Literature

The Reason

A long, grey shape noiselessly appeared out of the dense fog, just off a wild, deserted portion of the Long Island coast. At its approach, two simultaneous sighs of relief could have been heard had one been standing close to a clump of bushes on the shore. Rain had fallen all night and not a star could be seen in the sky. Surely, it was not a night on which one would venture forth unless engaged in some necessary and important task.

Mike Shannon, swearing softly at the rain, his companion and the world in general, rose stiffly from the bushes and answered the small dart of light that flashed for a few seconds like a firefly, from the boat, a few hundred yards off shore. At this pre-arranged signal, the vessel came to a stop and with a slight, muffled "clank! clank!" the anchor was lowered. Heedless, Mike rushed into the water to meet the incoming small boat, leaving his companion, an ex-pugilist with a broken nose and cauliflower ear, meditatively sitting on a log, puffing on a dead cigar.

"Everything all right?" shouted Shannon to one of the men in the approaching rowboat.

"Everything's fine chief. Got the old tub loaded to the scuppers. We slipped by those coast guard cutters easy enough," replied the man. "Well, hurry up and start unloading." With that Shannon turned and hurried up a well defined path to where the trucks stood, three low-hung, drab monsters capable, when fully loaded, of developing a speed of sixty miles an hour. At his low whistle the three drivers appeared out of the shadows and reported that everything was clear.

An hour slowly passed as the sweating men toiled back and forth, rowing their cargo from the ship to the beach and from there, carrying it to the waiting trucks. Then, with Shannon in one, his ex-pugilist friend in another and the captain of the ship in the third, the trucks pulled their canvased loads on to one of the main Long Island thoroughfares.

At the first branch in the road, the trucks separated, each taking its own route to the metropolis, there to unload its precious, sparkling cargo in a deserted warehouse near the waterfront, from whence it would be carefully distributed around the city to Shannon's thirsty, millionaire patrons.

Everything was going peacefully in truck No. 1 and Shannon was congratulating himself on a successful trip, when, glancing around, he saw a motorcycle, bearing a blue clad rider, rapidly overtaking them.

"Here! give me the wheel," barked Shannon, and without slackening the pace of the racing truck, he changed places with the driver.

The pursuer was getting close. Now he drew abreast of the speeding car, when, suddenly, bracing himself, Shannon gave the wheel a sharp twist. There was a crash, and the motorcycle and its crumpled rider hurtled into the ditch.

"It was his own fault," grimly remarked Shannon as he gave up the wheel once more to the driver. "There's one less cop to bother us anyway."

It was nearing dawn when truck No. 1, panting, drew up to the warehouse. It was quickly unloaded and then proceeded again into the country to await the next night's work.

Shannon, damning all truck drivers and his own in particular, nervously awaited the arrival of the others.

After about fifteen minutes a badly dilapidated truck drew up to the warehouse. It was No. 3 and its bullet riddled body and cab told the tale of how it had run the gauntlet of the police cordon.

"They're following me in a car," gasped the driver as he jerked the truck to a standstill.

"Well, don't stand there. Help unload this stuff and then put these crates of vegetables in the truck and drive up to police headquarters. Tell them you're a farmer and was attacked by highwaymen. That ought to fool 'em," said Shannon.

The morning was nearly spent and Shannon, sitting on an empty box, furiously chewed his cigar. Truck No. 2 had not arrived. That was not an uncommon occurrence, to lose one truck with its valuable load, but this "King of Bootleggen" as his cronies called him, had hoped to make this trip a complete success. But, he reflected, one can't expect to combat not only the police, but the hi-jackers and come out unscathed. So, forced to accept this partial defeat he threw himself into preparation for the next attempt, steeling himself with determination for complete success the next time.

That evening, as two young bluebloods of the city sat sipping the vintages of old France, they remarked that they couldn't understand why these beastly fellows had raised the price of champaigne again. But then, they had been at the opera the night before, not sitting in the drenching rain on the shore of Long Island.

—Leslie W. Maxson, '26.

Constantina

Constantina had sub-consciously drifted into the ocean of reminiscence. Some way the ocean breeze, the salty mist and the Spanish sunlight cast her into this ocean of dreams. Having finished her daily routine, Dad and Don busily cleaning fish, Mother sewing, Constantina had quietly slipped away, wound her way to the cliffs and there, when the world seemed so far away, that mad rushing world of jazz, she was saying—

"Can it all be a dream or is it the truth?" For it really did seem impossible that she was now the same girl who a few weeks ago had been so disheartened and discouraged. She seemed happier in some mysterious way which was unexplainable even to herself. Slowly the events of those years crowded by, nearly twenty years of sadness and joy.

Long ago, so it seemed, she could remember days of childish fun, joy and happiness, with hours carelessly slipping by unnoticed, by a carefree, happy little girl of six years. Romp and play in the sunlight, eat, sleep; there was no meaning in her life, everything went along in a golden ship with some one else at the bow. School days, very little schooling and then, that maddening impulse to dance, all the Spanish blood in her veins rushed to the impulse to dance to the end of the world and back, anything; nothing mattered as long as Constantina was dancing. Midnight in a cabaret, down in a cafe and then—Phil!

It was to be the night at "Fille A La Cassette." It would be a hit! Constantina would make her debut. If fate were only kind. It meant all the world to her, it meant money, a home where Mother and Dad could live. No more worry for poor old Dad. Life would be livable and lovable after that night.

Could she hold her heart within her? It was racing at ninety-plus in her dressing room that night. The music, oh yes, that music, it was time. Wildly, unseeingly she dashed with all the vim and pep that a civilized being could abound in; she danced, oh, so beautifully. The weeks of training, careful teaching and patience had won at last. Now here, now there, that wicked tango. Had it ever been danced more wickedly, yet more gracefully than Constantina was dancing before those half-dazed people. Fate! what makes you so cruel, so selfish?

It was the finale of her dance, in her heart she knew she had won the audience with her beauty, charm and grace. It was the finale—but never, never had she dreamed it was to be the final dance of her young life.

She opened her weighted eyes. An odor like anesthetics met her nostrils and remained there. That sickening odor, what was it?—Was it too late? Had she failed—Flowers! She had been successful, they had given her flowers. But why was that man sitting there?

“Never mind girlie, it is all right. Rest!” A strange face—yet stranger voice answered her questioning glance.

Days of misery, pain and agony followed, days of anguish. When she opened her eyes again the same odor presented itself. Flowers were near her, but that face and that voice, where had it disappeared? It had haunted her in those days of unconsciousness, but it was gone. A nurse came, read the bewilderment in Constantina’s eyes and so told her. She was at a hospital, an invalid; she had failed. “Don’t worry dear, it’s all right.” There it was again, those words, but this time a woman’s voice not a man’s.

At last she was able to sit up and finally to leave the hospital. Flowers came during her convalescence, flowers and cards. Then she began to wonder how Dad had paid the enormous hospital bill. Upon asking her mother she received the reply.

“Never mind that dear, it’s all right.” There it was again.

Next came days when everything was upset, the family was moving, going to a little cottage by the ocean where Constantina would have a chance to forget and recuperate. With a few months rest she was strong enough to walk again, her badly broken leg well, but not well enough to dance.

The sky seemed so tranquil, the dreamy breeze and the Spanish sunlight which was guiding her in her memory ship, beckoned her to that spot in the cliffs that day.

Dreaming as ever, she was unconscious of another person’s presence among the rocks. He silently regarded the childish face which had found such a warm and tender spot in his heart. Such a beauty as this slip of a girl was, a foolish child who once believed she could find happiness in a dancing career.

He stole upon her and enjoyed the innocence of those large childish eyes as they gazed into his. Apparently she didn’t recognize him.

“What’s the matter girlie?” She had always seemed a mere child to him.

These words perplexed Constantina but surely that was the voice and the face, though slightly changed.

As he came nearer he said, “At last, dearest child, I have come back, come back to one I knew was waiting in a cottage by the sea, waiting and silently yearning for me. I tried to forget, to put from my mind that child-like flower who danced the most wonderful dance and danced into my heart that night which seems ages ago to me. Those anxious hours by her side, then I was forced to part. My ship was making a cruise around the world, and your memory soothed and made it possible for me to make that cruise. Nights in the Orient, the stars and moon gave me messages from a waiting one under the same sky. But dear, why trouble you with my past troubles, they are buried in the ocean. We have each other. “The Constantina” sails within a month for another cruise. Everything is all right, isn’t it, my dearest one?”

The question called her back from her thoughts. Here he was "Phil." She knew he would come, somehow, when she climbed up the cliffs that afternoon she seemed happier and Phil had seemed nearer. It was this tall, dark boyish figure before her, his handsome face slightly tanned by tropical suns, this wonderful sea captain who had surrounded her with luxuries while in the hospital. Yes it was all as clear as the heavens now, it was he who had made her folks happy in their own small home in which Mother and Dad took such pride.

"Yes Phil, it's all right," she faintly cried as she smothered her beautiful face in his waiting arms.

—Audrey Few McDowell.

Captive at Monte Carlo

The news had to come, of course, while Monte Carlo was full of strangers attending the early spring cattle auctions. Yet it was not the circumstances that caused sheriff Johnson to snort in disgust, seize his pet mustache, and twirl one end of it savagely as he held the message out to "Shorty McKay," his deputy:

Sheriff Johnson, Monte Carlo, Colorado:

Pete Sorrems, 35, wanted here. Stage robbery. Reward \$2,000. Believed in Monte Carlo now. Hair prematurely grey. Wears cowboy hat down over eyes. Believed wounded in chest by bullet. He may have died. His mustache is menace to all.

Roberts, Coyote Wells.

"I always did hate that pesky Roberts," muttered Johnson angrily; "but now, he's takin' an opportunity to twit me about my mustache. I'm uncertain whether or not we'll waste any time lookin' fer this Sorrems he's writin' about!"

Shorty nodded in solemn agreement, as he hastily scanned the yellow message sheet his boss had just given him.

"Can't seem to figger how that bird's mustache could be such a menace," said Shorty.

"Says which?"

"Nuthin'" replied Shorty, realizing his error.

"You may file that telegram in the waste paper basket," he said deliberately. "Were not doin' official favors here fer Smart Alecks."

An hour later, Sheriff Johnson, still enraged—for his mustache was his pride—stalked out of the office. Immediately Shorty recovered the crumpled telegram from the waste-paper basket. Two thousand dollars for a desperado who was believed to be in Monte Carlo—right in Shorty's clutches.

He folded the message from Coyote Wells and put it in his pocket as he left the office.

Shorty headed directly toward the stock corrals, where the cattle auctions had attracted the crowds. As he hurried along he mentally reviewed a procession of Monte Carlo natives with moustaches. He let them all pass in mind, unchallenged. The mustached man he was seeking was a stranger. That narrowed the field a trifle. He wore his cowboy hat down over his eyes; that clue narrowed the field of prospects still more. There could not be many mustached strangers with hats pulled down tight. The task might not be as hard as he had thought. No sooner had he reached the corrals than he saw half a dozen strangers who might qualify as Pete Sorrems. There was nothing to do but put his plan into action. With Shorty a decision meant instant action. He approached the nearest "prospect" and tapped the stranger on the shoulder.

"No self-respectin' man wears a mustache like that in Monte Carlo," chal-

lenged Shorty.

The stranger winding up his right arm and with a murderous look in his eyes swung at Shorty. Shorty being ready, clutched. Coming up inside the stranger's guard, Shorty clicked a fist past the stranger's ear, knocking his hat off, instantly Shorty was gone into the crowd, like a shadow. The stranger picked up his hat.

In the crowd Shorty was dodging on, intent on another victim, while he mumbled to himself that the first stranger wasn't the right man. No, he had missed on that guess.

An hour later, when Sheriff Johnson strolled down the corrals he found certain portions of the crowd in turmoil. A fight to the left of the main crowd seemed to be attracting much attention. Sam McAllister, spotting the sheriff, ran to him with what appeared to be big news.

"Sheriff, we've been looking everywhere fer yuh?"

The Sheriff glared at Sam. "What's up? Who's been fighting?"

"Shorty hit a cattle buyer. It's all about mustaches."

The sheriff clenched his fists.

"An' who is that fighting over thar now?"

"That's Shorty and a feller they call 'Big Bill'."

Making a rush for the combatants, the sheriff hesitated. At that moment Shorty rushed into the fight again, shouting with seemingly renewed courage.

Big Bill, meeting the rush, socked him smartly on the left side of the head, and Shorty sagged. Then he retaliated and they clinched. The fellow's hat went a sailing. At that Shorty staggered off and the sheriff sprang forward with an order."

"Stop this fighting here!"

The sheriff shook Shorty, "Are yuh drunk or plain looney?"

At that shorty straightened up as though he had seen a ghost. He started past the sheriff, who was bombarding him with questions, and fixed his glassy gaze upon a stranger.

"Answer me!" cried the sheriff, shaking Shorty.

"Listen boss, grab that guy wid the mustache to yuh left. He's that Sorrems guy."

There did seem to be something suspicious about the man, the sheriff decided, and he seized him.

When the white-haired stranger denied the accusation of being the much sought Sorrems and struggled to free himself, Shorty's mirth increased.

"Boss," said he, "I set out to insult all strangers with moustaches, meaning to investigate quietly and unofficially, but—well, this bird is surely our man."

"It ain't so!" cried the stranger wildly.

"Lissen boss, we read that telegram wrong. In the last part whar it says:"

"He may have died. His mustache is menace to all"—

It should read like this:

"He may have dyed his musatche. Is menace to all."

Sure enough, the left end of the mustache was white, while the rest of it was black. It had most assuredly been dyed.

"He's Pete Sorrems, wanted in Coyote Wells!" cried Shorty weakly. "That's him. I just happened to notice how that mustache was changin' color thar, and then it flashed through my mind what that bally telegram meant. Of course, ef we had taken the time we would have figgered that out in the first place, boss."

The sheriff rattling a pair of handcuffs, held them out toward Sorrems.

"Why, of course! Of course!"

—Charlotte Gron, '27

Steeds of the (K) Night

Willard was a boy that always wished to please his teacher and tried to have perfect lessons.

One day the assignment was to read in the "Idylls of the King," as far as page seventy-five or where Gareth was overthrown by Launcelot. Willard stayed up until two o'clock to finish reading the lesson.

He had been asleep only a short time when he was awakened from his slumbers, and told that if he wished to see a rare and wonderful sight, to follow the speaker.

Willard arose and dressed hurriedly to follow the person who promised to show him a wonderful place. When they came to a weirdly carved gate, he knew they were at the magic city of Camelot.

His guide led him to a large house where King Arthur was ready to put a number of candidates through the degrees of the honorable order of Knighthood.

Willard wished to join, and asked King Arthur about the vows.

King Arthur answered:

"I make them lay their hands in mine and swear
 To reverence the King, as if he was their conscience,
 and their conscience as their King.
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To honor his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, Cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they win her."

The King then asked Willard if he wished to join. Of course Willard answered "Yes" and was at once sworn to the vows, given a place at the Round Table next to Sir Galahad.

Willard soon became a proven Knight, and it was even rumored that he had overthrown Sir Launcelot in a friendly joust.

One day a servant of Fair Audrey of Lakewood came to court with the news that his mistress had been captured by Jackson Gardner. "Bill" Gron had been called but Jackson had overthrown him and was still holding Audrey a prisoner.

Willard thought this was a good chance to get even with Jackson, who was always calling him "Sir Willard, the studious," and also a good way to win favor in the eyes of fair Audrey.

He mounted his good horse and was soon on his way to the castle where Audrey was imprisoned. As he was galloping along, the lines which he had learned in English III ran through his mind, but he changed them to fit his own circumstances.

"Audrey the fair, Audrey the lovable,
 Audrey the lilymaid of Lakewood,
 High in her chamber up a tower to the east
 Guarded the sacred shield of Willard;
 Which first she placed where mornings earliest ray
 Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
 Then fearing rust or soil, fashioned for it
 A case of silk, and braided thereupon
 All the devices blazoned on the shield
 In their own tint, and added of her wit,
 A border fantasy of branch and flower."

When he arrived at the castle he blew three long blasts on the horn which hung by the gates. Immediately it was opened for him to enter. Jackson was at one end of the lists and met him with the taunts, "Ho, Ho! Brave Willard, the studious, do you come to joust with me or to gain favor in the eyes of fair Audrey?"

This made Willard angry and both placed spears in rest and met in the middle of the tourney field. Willard was thrown, and while falling struck his head on the chair by the side of his bed, thus saving himself from the clutches of Jackson.

—Herman Carlson, '28.

PRINCIPALLY LAKEWOOD

*The Ideal Summer and Winter Resort
of the United States*

LAKEWOOD on BEAUTIFUL CHAUTAUQUA LAKE

So, in a very few years, might read the headings of many articles in the newspapers throughout the country, proclaiming our growing metropolis as a model for others to pattern after, if the people would only co-operate in its betterment. Co-operation. That is a rather big word with, decidedly, a big meaning. It is what Lakewood needs, now. Most people do not seem to realize that a crisis is approaching in the development of our village. They cannot realize it, or they would not remain inactive a moment. Are we to sink into oblivion and finally be forced to unite with Jamestown, or are we to become known far and wide as one of the greatest resorts in eastern United States? It rests entirely with you. You may laugh and mutter, "Impossible, Impossible," but it is not impossible!

Let this act as a Paul Revere to your sleeping senses. Rise, as our Revolutionary fathers did, and demand the facilities necessary to put Lakewood on the map.

You say that anything of this nature would cost a great deal of money. Most certainly it would, but you may rest assured that, in but a few years, you would reap a rich reward from the few dollars needed to set Lakewood booming. The trouble is that you are too reluctant to invest these few dollars. Consider. Pore over records. See if our great cities of today were built by men who were afraid to invest in some solid project such as this would be. You will find that they were not.

What we need is the backing of the entire village. Let a committee be appointed to review this subject. Do a little figuring on your own part. Take into consideration our great natural resources and think what could be made out of them.

Already a few farsighted men have seen the possibilities of Lakewood and are doing everything in their power to bring these possibilities home to you, but do you see them? No, your eyes are closed to everything except your own

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narrow everyday life. That is the trouble with the majority of people in this vicinity. They are satisfied to jog along in the same old rut day in and day out, year in and year out.

In an effort to defend yourselves you say we are getting along well enough now without putting the village in debt any more. But listen. Would you be willing to slave along at a job from which you derived just enough to make ends meet, say, just enough to live on? You would not. It wouldn't be sensible when there is a chance to better yourself. Yet the village is in just such a position. We raise enough money to get along on, and pay for whatever seems absolutely necessary, and further than that, we do not go.

Maybe you resent this. It must be admitted you have done some things, but why stop when you have started the upward climb? We cannot come to a halt in this age of advancement, and we must not slide backwards.

Let's build a municipal bathing beach and possibly, later, a golf course. We do not want anything in the nature of an amusement park to cheapen the place, but we we need something to build Lakewood up.

Think what a few improvements would draw. Hotels would rise where now vacant lots mar the beauty of our village. Tourists would flock here to enjoy the summer months. True, this would only last for three or four months. What would we do then? Why we would make Lakewood a second Lake Placid. Already we have gained some note through our winter sports. It has been demonstrated to you that a skating rink can be successfully managed. Why not extend our winter activities? Not only have a municipal rink, but also provide a place or tobogganning, skiing and sledding. You say these are the sports for children, not for grownup men and women. Take up a newspaper during the winter and note the crowds that gather at Lake Placid and other winter resorts to enjoy these very sports. Perhaps you will then change your opinion.

So that you can better see what is meant, let us picture Lakewood as it should be.

It is no longer a little country burg that people go through without noticing, but, coming along a smooth macadam road, the first thing that greets our eyes is a sign, probably like this: "The Chamber of Commerce Welcomes You to Lakewood." Passing this, we see on our left, nestling on the hillside, a quaint club house, surrounded by acres of well kept lawns. It is the new municipal golf club. Turning to the right on a well paved street, we enter the business section, noting the prosperous appearance of things. On our way towards the lake which appears in the distance, we pass several large hotels. Finally we reach the broad street, running along the lake front. As we pass slowly along under the shade of huge elm trees, we glance admiringly at the yacht club and pause to watch a sailboat coming up gracefully before the wind. A short distance farther on, we enter Stonman park and, sitting in the cool shade of a tree, watch the crowd of bathers romping on the beach, surely, a man could be heard saying, "I never even hoped that such a modern Utopia could exist."

Some of you will undoubtedly say that this is merely a bag of fancies, an impossible dream, but if it is, let it be said that it is the dreamers who have made, from a few miserable colonies, the great nation of the United States which we have today.

Laugh now if you must, for you will redder with shame in later years when you look back upon these lost opportunities.

This metamorphosis cannot take place in a day or a year, but, if you have a grain of public spirit in you, get out and see that it is started today.

Consider this a challenge. Are you afraid to go ahead? Will you sit back and twirl your thumbs and watch the rest of the world go by or will you have "gumption" enough in you to put Lakewood "on the map?"

Leslie W. Maxson.

Athletics



Mens' Athletic Club Notes

The Lakewood Men's Athletic Club was organized on Wednesday Evening, October 28, 1925. The following officers were elected: Homer Klock, President; Clayton Rugg, Vice President; L. R. Mathewson, Secretary and Treasurer; Clyde Stilwell, Basket Ball Manager; C. R. McClure, Physical Training Instructor.

The following order of work was chosen: Physical Exercises and Volley Ball, 7:30 to 8:30; Business Meeting, 8:30 to 8:45; Basket Ball Practice and Showers, 8:45 to 10:00. Wednesday evening was chosen for the weekly meetings.

During the past season the attendance at the meetings has been excellent and everyone expressed the thought that the club has furnished recreation and benefits long needed.

Following are some of the basket ball games played by the team:

At Lakewood: Conewango Team, Falconer Team, Mayville Independents, Salisbury Axle Co. Team, Sterling Five Team, Celoron Independents, Jamestown Ariels, Warren Bankers and Jamestown Bankers.

The out-of-town games were few in number and it is hoped that next winter we may be able to arrange more outside games.

The financial condition of the club is good as all expenses, basket ball suits, volley and basket balls, etc., were paid from receipts. No dues were collected or assessed.

The following By-laws were adopted on November 4, 1925.

"BY-LAWS OF MEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB"

The Name of this club shall be the *Men's Athletic Club of Lakewood*.

The Purpose of the club shall be to foster clean sport; to furnish a common meeting place for all members and to aid in developing a friendly community spirit in Lakewood.

Eligibility—Any man (or young man above school age) not attending school, who is a resident of District Number One, Town of Busti may become a member.

Note—Non-residents may become members by paying a fee of one dollar to the Board of Education upon entering. Such non-residents to be vouched for and voted upon at any regular meeting of the club.

There shall be no regular *dues* and any assessments levied shall be voted upon at a regular meeting.

Rules—Rubber-soled shoes should be worn on floors. All members to conform to State Laws and Board Regulations while in building. Arrangements will be made for lockers, soap and towels for all members.



BACK ROW—Maxson, Butler, Marlett, Keefe.
FRONT ROW—McClure, (Coach); Waid, Meleen, (Captain); Nichols, Mathewson, Principal.

Basket Ball

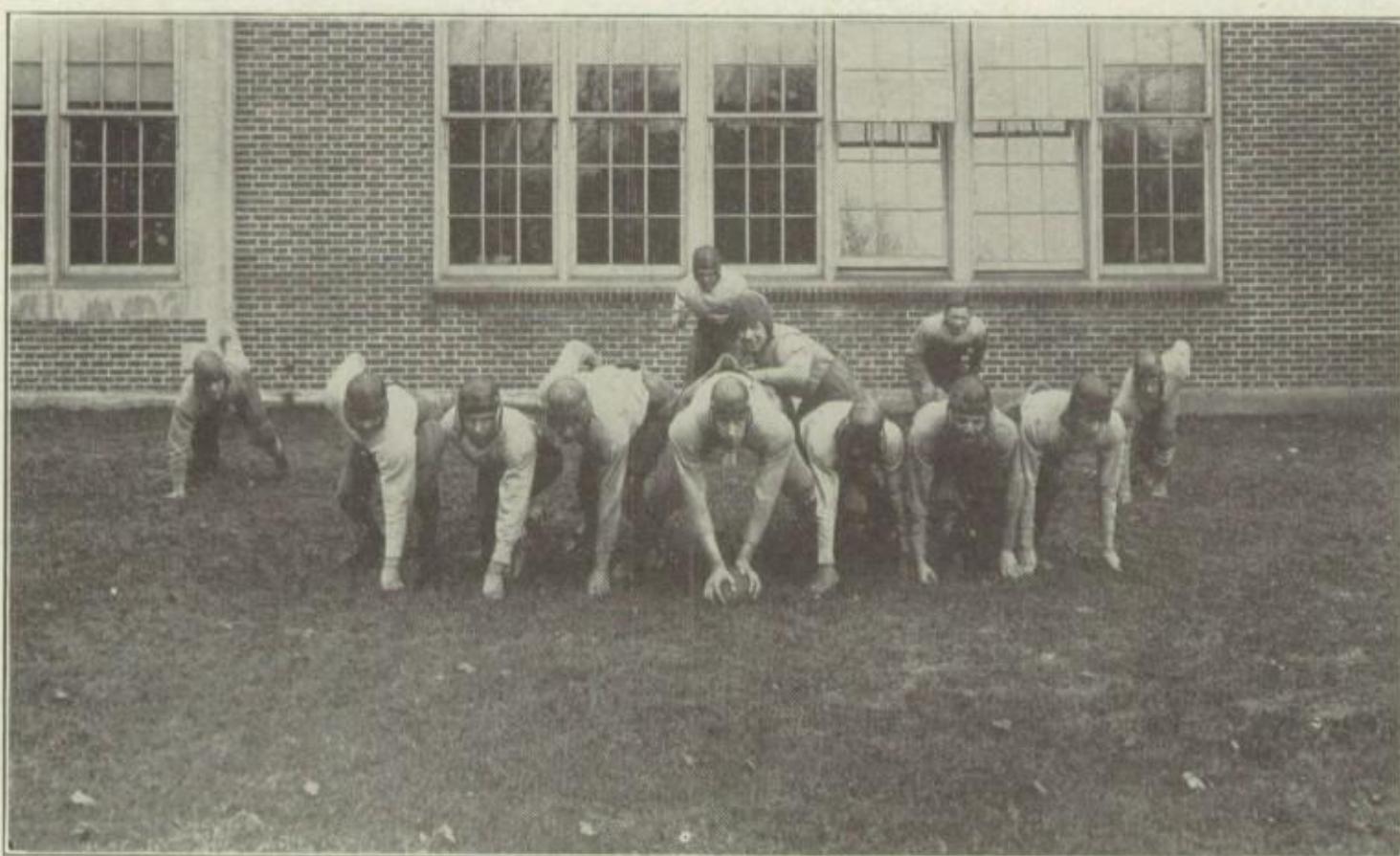
Lakewood completed a rather successful basket ball season. We won half of the games played, meeting the best teams in this part of the country. In the Southern Division of the Chautauqua County Basket Ball League, we took third place. Next year we hope to do better.

Seven players were awarded basket ball letters. They are: Captain Elmer Meleen, John Nichols, Leslie Maxson, John Jay Butler, Ira Waid, Waldo Marlett and John Keefe. At a meeting of the letter men, Waldo Marlett was elected Captain and John Jay Butler was elected Manager for the 1926-27 basket ball season.

A Second Team also represented the High School, playing preliminary games. This team, besides giving the First Team plenty of practice, succeeded in winning about half of the games it played.

—Sheldon Myregaard.

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Maxson, Waid, Pierce, Carlson, Butler, Keefe, Nichols, (Captain);
Judd, Jarrett, Marlett, Myregaard, Gardner.



LAKEWOOD GIRL SCOUTS

Girls' Sports

Intermediate basket ball games played by girls of the different classes were as follows:

Freshmen—Senior game won by Freshmen.

Junior—Freshmen game won by Juniors.

Sophomore—Senior Room game won by Seniors.

—Helen A. Anderson '29.



BACK ROW—Perkins, Anderson, (Coach); Marsh, Ingerson.
FRONT ROW—Rudgers, Bryant, (Mgr.); Gardner, (Captain); Burk, Poyer, Petitt, (Scorer).

“The Others”

On account of the discontinuance of the High School Girl's Basket Ball Team, last year's players with the assistance of Miss Anderson, our coach, formed a basket ball team. The regulations of the league were observed. Because of the very few opportunities for practice we did not stage some of the games we would have liked to, but the games that were played recalled the exciting times of the year before.

The first game of the season was with the Mayville High School at Mayville. The score resulted 22 to 16 in our favor. Mayville showed good sportsmanship by giving us eats after the game.

Our next game was the return game with Mayville. At that time we tasted some of our own medicine, the score being 10 to 4 for Mayville. They also enjoyed a light lunch given by “The Others.” “Losers Treaters!”

We had a pleasant time when we went to Frewsburg. Three girls from the Freshman Team helped us out at that time. The game was a victorious one for us, the score being 22 to 2.

When we went to Jamestown to play the Blue Streaks we met our defeat. The unusual size of the court as well as its roughness handicapped our players. Nevertheless our players lacked the usual “pép” so the score ended 12 to 18 in their favor.

The Blue Streaks were disappointed when they clashed with us on our court. The game was a very exciting one and the players showed their usual amount of pep. However, the score ended 20 to 14 in our favor.

The line-up for the team was, Virginia Gardner, Captain; Emily Bryant, Manager; Ruth Burke, Forward; Elizabeth Rudgers, Guard; Isabelle Baird, Guard; Mary Poyer, Center Guard; Marguerite, Forward; Jeanette Marsh, Guard; Ione Perkins, Guard; and Edithe Petitt, scorekeeper.

“The Others” appreciate very much the pleasure of having had Miss Anderson as their coach and sponsor. We feel that it was through her efforts that we derived so much enjoyment from this season's games.

—Mary Poyer, '25.

Honor Roll for Entire Year

Ayres, Willard
Bryant, Emily
Poyer, Mary

Howe, Sarah
Goldin, Edris
Hine, Thurly

Parent-Teacher Association

The current year of the Lakewood Parent-Teacher's Association is drawing to a close and it has we believe, been a very successful year. We close this year's work with 169 enrolled members. We have had programs of unusual worth and speakers of ability in the study of "The Child, His Nature and His Needs" and we feel that much has been accomplished.

We feel, however, that it would be well to pause at this time and consider—How much does this organization mean to us? Have we really grasped the bigness of the idea? Are we really anxious for the welfare of not only our own children but all children? Are we thinking of it as our sacred responsibility? Or, are we just being entertained, amused, or bored as the case may be?

The average parent has little time for the study of his children and it is right here where the Parent-Teacher organization should bridge the gap between those who are making a scientific study of the nature and the needs of our children and the busy parents who wish to profit by this knowledge and be better and wiser parents.

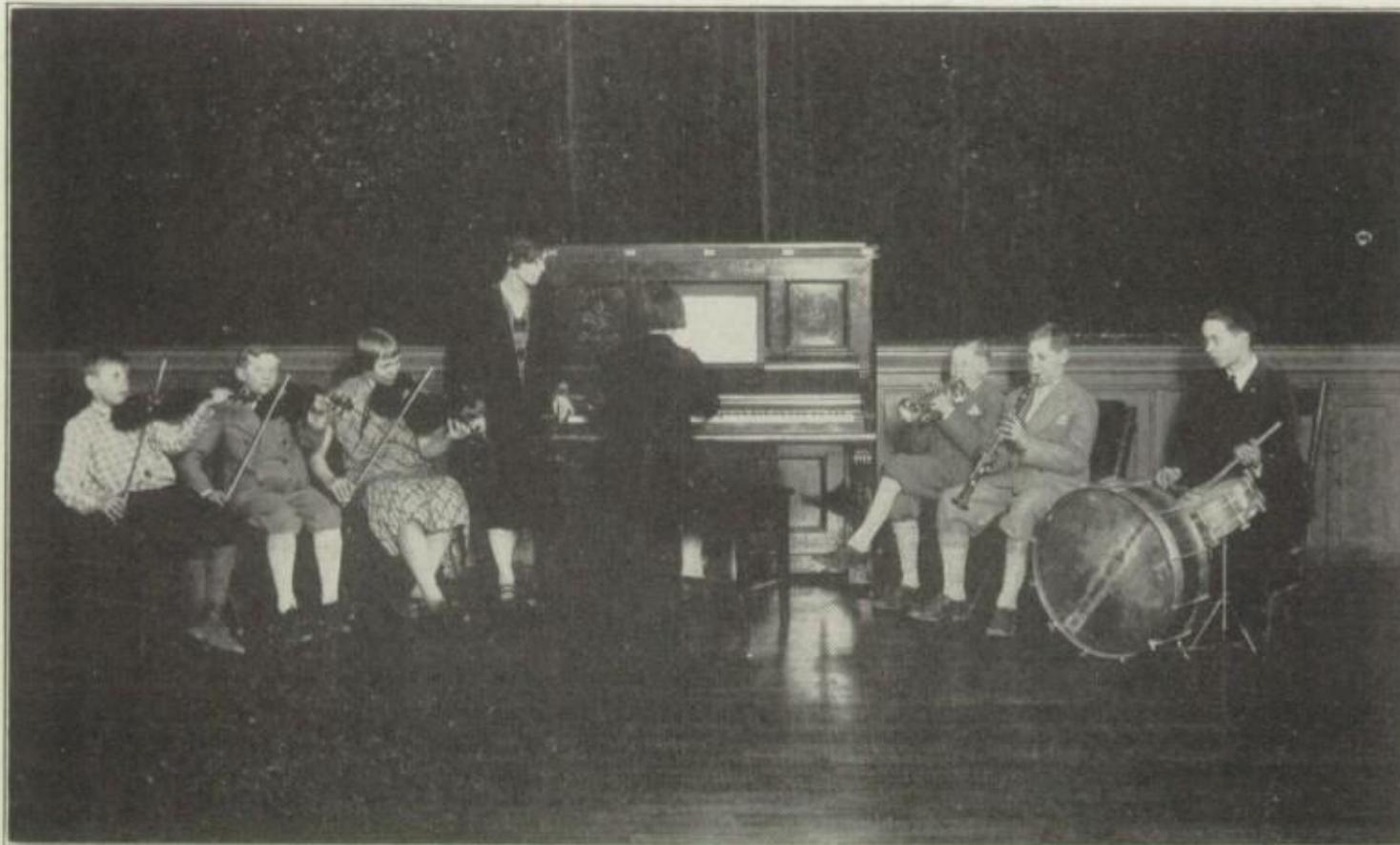
Someone has likened Parent-Teacher work to journey along a road of many turns and curves. At each curve a new view presents itself and we find as we go on with the work unending possibilities.

Olive B. Cole, Publicity Chairman.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

A. Matson, E. Bryant, E. F. Hall, (Director); E. Petitt, J. Butler, D. Sales, I. Waid.



GRADE ORCHESTRA

A. Anderson, R. Butler, A. Peterson, Ella Hall, (Director); M. Hale, W. Anderson, F. Butler, H. Carlson.

The Toreadors

Friday evening, April 23, 1926, the Seniors gave "THE TOREADORS," a light opera in two acts, in the High School Auditorium. The cast is as follows:

<i>Senor Dictorio</i>	John Nichols
<i>Benita</i>	Jeanette Marsh
<i>Juanita</i>	Emily Bryant
<i>Juan</i>	Leslie Maxson
<i>Pableo</i>	John Jarrett
<i>Senor Swateo</i>	John Jay Butler
<i>Senor Whackeo</i>	Ira Waid
<i>Delores</i>	Marjorie Tillotson
<i>Maria</i>	Ione Perkins

CHORUS OF GIRLS Doris Meleen, Joan Isabel, Charlotte Gron, Louise Marcy, Sally Howe, Edith Petitt, Elizabeth Rudgers.

CHORUS OF MEN

Elmer Meleen, Charles Muir, Norman Phelps, Percy Heslink, Jackson Gardner.

DANCERS Audrey Few McDowell, Ethel Solomonson

The day before the opera was given, Donald Sales decided he did not care to take part, so obtained the "measles" as a good excuse. His part was given to John Jarrett, who did exceptionally well on such short notice. It was a decided success for the Seniors. The plot was interesting and afforded much merriment.

The love songs were very touching as also was the bull fight by Senor Swateo and Senor Whackeo. Juan and Pableo come disguised as a bull to deliver a message to Senor Dictorio and are given Benita and Juanita. All lived happily ever afterwards, that is we suppose they did for the curtain fell.

The opera would not have been such a success had it not been for the excellent coaching of Miss Hall. She certainly should be awarded a gold medal for her wonderful ability. Miss Hall was assisted by Miss Lown and Miss McFerren. Miss Johnson accompanied the songs on the piano.

—Elizabeth Rudgers, '27.

Juniors

Lend me your ears for a short space of time, and listen unto me that you may hear. In this year of 1926, during the reign of King Tut, another Junior Class entered the medieval university of Lakewood High School. During the short space of time they remained in the Junior Class they have accomplished much. They have added to their horde of undesirable gold to the amount of \$82.00. How this was accomplished is not known but it is supposed that by diverse means, namely plays and dances, that this hitherto unaccomplishable feat was accomplished. The play, "The Country School at Mud Hollow," was given by this highly recognized class, adding a considerable amount of spoils to the treasury. In the future, when the generations to come find our epitaphs resting peacefully in the Royal Pyramid of the Shadyside cemetery, they will wonder how so many achievements could have been made in such a short space of time, and our deeds of honor and valor will be remembered for ever and a day.

Elmer Wiltsie, '27, Class Reporter.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The Junior-Senior Reception was held at Bear Lake, Pa., on May 7, 1926, in the Odd Fellows Hall.

During the evening games were played, after which a delightful lunch was served by Mrs. Tillotson assisted by Marjorie Tillotson, Elizabeth Rudgers, Emogene Goldin, Jackson Gardner, Willard Ayers, Elmer Wiltsie and Audrey McDowell.

The Junior Chorus furnished two very appropriate songs as tributes to the Senior Class. The guests were the Misses Reid, Hall, McFerren, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mathewson, Miss Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pettit.

TRIBUTE TO THE SENIORS

All hail to the Seniors around us tonight,
We greet them with joy and with cheers;
And we honor the study and toil that has brought,
The end of their swift student year.
But there comes with the thought of gladness and joy,
A suggestion of sadness as well,
For, too soon, as the moments are speeding away,
They leave us as they leave our school.

All hail to the Seniors around us tonight,
We love them for what they have done;
For their lives will live on in the spirit they leave.
Of work that is nobly begun.
And we pledge you anew, O Seniors and friends,
In heart, and in song, and in yell;
And we hope that your lives with success may be filled,
When you leave us and leave fair Lakewood.

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John Nichols represents our school in football, base ball and track;
At winning games for L. H. S. he surely has the knack.

But you can be sure it won't happen again for months and months and months,
And you can be sure it won't happen again for months and months and months.

As president of the Senior Class, our Emily is a whiz,
At keeping order in meetings, she surely is a fizz.

So—

Our Elmer, with his curly hair, is daily after school,
Seen walking up Chautauqua Avenue—Weather fair or cool.
But you can be sure it *will* happen, etc.
Jeanette is taking lessons hard, her voice to prepare,
Her qualities rare she showed us well in the Spanish Opera here.

But—

Being tired of going to school all day, deciding on a rest,
Our Donald thought a while and then thought measles was the best.

But—

Oh Ruth, she toils, and toils, and toils, and toils, and toils, and toils,
Her six hard subjects to prepare, until she fairly boils.

But—

At using peroxide on his hair our Percy sure does shine,
And at keeping it quiet from all the rest he's also doing fine.

But—

Riding on the train is hot, so Charlene and Jeanette,
Went out to get a bit of air and fell into Falconer's net.

But—

When Norman's in the Junior Room, he's fond of eating cake,
He ate so much, so much, so much, he had the stomach ache.

So—

Our Florine Trask she had a date, it was so very exciting,
But sorry and sad, are we to relate, it was not to her liking.

So—

Gordon Burk at getting girls, surely is a fake,
When he goes to see Mickie Young, he always keeps awake.

So—

Esther Johnson bobbed her hair in time for the great big trip,
She powdered her nose, and rouged her face, and also painted her lips.

But—

When sent for bananas at Washington, our Emily and Donald Sales,
Got picked up at 2 A. M. and had to phone for bail.

But—

Because of all the dates she missed, our Marjorie sure is sore,
Not able to take the Washington trip, her hair she wildly tore.

But—

Leslie Maxson is our sheik, and excels in all his classes,
But in History C, his mark went down, because he watched the lasses.

So—

Oh, we are Juniors, wise and true according to tradition,
But for tonight to please you all, has been our sole ambition.

But—

—Charlotte Gron, Sec. of Junior Class.

Sophomore Notes

The first meeting of the year was held September 16, 1925. At this meeting the following officers were appointed:

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	John Jarrett
<i>Vice President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Sarah Howe
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Joanne Isabell
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Edris Goldin
<i>Historian</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Ione Perkins

At our next meeting it was decided to hold a weiner roast in Bentley's woods. Alas for our plans! Of course it rained but then we showed our dauntless spirit and held our party in the gym. But the "weiner roast" was one grand success.

On October 3, after some discussion we set our class dues at \$1.00 per annum to be paid at the rate of ten cents per month. (This was done with deep consideration for our pocketbooks.)

Our first chapel was held in October. It consisted of two short plays, two readings by Robert Brown and Charles Muir.

At our next meeting we planned a Christmas party to be held December 23. Miss Lown kindly agreed to furnish the ice cream while other people offered to donate such delicacies as cake, pickles, candy, etc., so dear to Sophomores. We had a Christmas tree n' everything and all had a peachy time.

Of course we had to have a Valentine party and the date was set for the Friday before Valentine's day. Valentines were distributed and a treat was given in the shape of a freezer full of home made ice cream donated by John Jarrett. Words cannot describe how that ice cream disappeared!!!!!!

Our next chapel was held on May 20. It consisted of readings by Miss Virginia Peterson of Jamestown and various musical numbers.

—Joanne Isabell, '28, Secretary.

Freshman News

Because of absence of Martha Gibbs, our treasurer, from school, a meeting was held and Virginia Keefe was elected treasurer.

We are all glad to have Louis Gron among us again.

Isabelle Baird is not able to return to school this year on account of her illness. The Freshmen Class showed their regret by sending a beautiful bouquet of roses.

June 3rd the Freshmen will have charge of the Chapel exercises. They are planning upon having a speaker.

—Helen Anderson, '29



WHO'S
WHO



Popularity Contest

	Boy	Girl
Most representative in L. H. S.	John Nichols	Emily Bryant
Brightest	Willard Ayers	Mary Poyer
Most attractive	Leslie W. Maxson	Zella Cole
		Marjorie Wilber
Politest	Elmer Wiltsie	Evelyn Ingerson
Most popular	"Johnny Pickles"	Jeanne Marsh
Most talkative	Elmer Meleen	"Ginny" Gardner
Most graceful	"Scotty" Muir	"Audey" Few
Wittiest	Jack Gardner	Virginia Gardner
Most studious	Willard Ayers	Frances Crumb
	Doug. Carlson	
Most Angelic	Willard Ayers	Frances Crumb
Biggest nuisance	Herman Carlson	Virginia Gardner
Prettiest	J. Christopher Nichols	Zella Zane Cole
Fattest	Alvan Erickson	Florine Trask
Thinnest	"Slats" Sales	Audrey Few
Neatest	Hon. L. W. Maxson	"Charley" Wilson
Tallest	John Butler	Florine Trask
Shortest	Chester Vickers	Frances Crumb
Youngest (actions)	S. Myregaard	"Ferginnia" Gardner
		Violet Michelson
Biggest baby	S. Myregaard	Irene Barker
Most ambitious	"Willy" Ayers	Edris Goldin
Most bashful	W. Van Atter	Mary Allen
Best sport	John "Pickles"	"Ginger" Gardner
Most musical	John Butler	Evelyn Ingerson



Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If one teacher doesn't scold you
Another must.

Miss B. What have you read?
Percy: Hair, Ma'am.

Senior: He was a farsighted man.
Freshie: How so?
Senior: He had a fire extinguisher put on his coffin.

Tailor: Do you want a cuff on the trousers?
John: Do you want me to slap your mouth?

Thousands of years it took to make
A monkey into a man:
But give Jeanette fifteen seconds
And Steve's back where he began.

THE 1926 TATTLER

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF-----

Elmer Meleen curled his hair?
Mary Poyer failed to get on the Honor Roll?
John Button sneezed naturally?
Charlene Wilson stopped growing?
Zella Cole dyed her hair?
Marjorie Wilber tended to her own business?
Mary Vergeth lost her freckles?
Joan Isabel didn't flirt?
Charlotte Gron didn't run the Junior Class?
Donald Sales grew up in actions?
Leslie Maxson didn't have something to say?
Elizabeth Rudgers didn't have a whack for someone?
Emily Bryant vamped Elmer Meleen?
Gordon Burk arrived before the doors closed?
Audrey McDowell put on weight?
The Freshmen saw nothing; heard nothing; and said nothing?
Jeannette did not make a good cheer leader?
Miss Johnson did not have a grin?
Miss McFerren was not sarcastic?
The gym was used for a public dance?
There was no one to stay for detention?
Virginia Gardner was making a lot of noise?
Mr. Mathewson took the baby out walking?

There is a very unselfish girl in this school. She is her mother's only daughter. Her prayer is "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself, but give mother a son-in-law."

Bud: "Does she call you 'Honey'?"

Jack: "No but pretty near to it. She calls me 'Beeswax'."

Bud (reading Cicero)—"Three times I tried to cast my arms around her neck, that's as far as I got, Miss Lown."

Miss L. "That was quite far enough, young man."

Ione: For heavens' sake, Emily, whose socks are you darning?

Emily: They're Elmer's! He took me at my word. When I refused to marry him, I told him I'd be a sister to him.

Bud: May I print a kiss on your lips?

She granted her kind permission,

They went to press

And I rather guess

They printed a whole edition.

When you say—

"The jokes are poor,

The stories are plotless,

The editorial punk,

And the magazine

A literary wreck."

Did you ever stop

To think that

It might be Y O U

Not the magazine?

THE 1926 TATTER

Esther J. (in Washington): "Help! Stop him! He tried to flirt with me!"

Cop.: "Calm yourself, lady, there are plenty more."

Make hay while the sun shines, and rye while the moon shines.

Freshie: "A train passed just a few minutes ago."

Senior: "How'd you guess it."

Freshie: "I saw its tracks."

Bud: "I've often heard it said that Washington threw a silver dollar across the Potomac River."

John: "I believe it, for a dollar would go twice as far those days as it goes now."

Scout: "There's sand on this bread."

Miss Andy: "Why, that's to keep the butter from slipping off."

Emily Bryant: "Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?"

Elmer Meleen: "I think so. Wasn't it at the masked ball?"

Charlotte: "I'm not going to ride with you any more, you're too reckless."

Norman: "We did have some pretty tight squeezers."—Ex.

Mr. McClure: "What did you operate on him for?"

Doctor: "Five hundred dollars."

Mr. McClure: "I mean what did he have?"

Doctor: "Five hundred dollars."

Miss L.: "Why that unusual expression on your face?"

Elmer: "Oh, I was just thinking."

Miss L.: "Oh, I see."

Miss Lown: "Charles, how about your theme today?"

Charles: "I ain't got none."

Miss Lown: "Why Charles, where is your grammar?"

Charles: "She died long ago."

Marjorie: "Love is blind."

Elmer: "But the neighbors aren't. Pull down the shades."

John: "Papa, what is the board of education?"

Mr. N.: "When I went to school it was a pure shingle."

Miss McFerren: "Do you know anything about the Boy Scout Movement?"

Ada Cleveland: "No I don't dance that way."

He: "Don't try to make a monkey out of me."

She: "I never interfere with the works of nature."

First Student: "Great Scott, I've forgotten who wrote Ivanhoe."

Second Student: "I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote 'The Tale of Two Cities."

Charlotte: "I was out riding with Norman last night. He got lost and had to stop till he regained his bearings."

Audrey: "Don't they have funny excuses?"

Donald: "Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?"

Bud: "I thought they must be doing that."

Donald: "What makes you think so?"

Bud: "Because they never come back."

THE 1926 TATTLER

Miss Anderson: "You got 99% in the Geometry exam., why didn't you get one hundred?"

Willard A.: "There must have been a misprint in my book."

"Waiter, this steak is terribly tough."

"Sir, we are not responsible for the morals of our food."

Ike: "Al. is the first guy they tell you about in school these days, isn't he?"

Mike: "Al. who?"

Ike: "Alphabet."

Miss Anderson (on hike): "Audrey, why eat so much?"

Audrey: "I'm trying to produce a well stuffed skin for the Taxidermy merit badge."

Said the city friend to a friend who had moved into the country—"What do you miss most in the country?"

"Trains."

Sally: "Why was the first day in Adams life so long?"

Joan: "Because he had no Eve."

The teacher wrote on the board the following:

"Don't light matches; remember the Chicago fire."

Little Willard erased it and in its place wrote:

"Don't spit; remember the Johnstown flood."

Percy: "I want a boiled egg. Boil it two seconds."

Waiter: "Yessah, be ready in half a seconds."

Old Gentleman: "And is your father a boot black also, my son?"

Boot Black: "No, sir, he's a farmer?"

Old Gentleman: "Oh I see. He makes hay while the son shines."

Hesper (in Wash.): "I found a button in my salad last night."

Florine: "Oh, that was only part of the dressing."

John: "Suppose you were in my shoes. What would you do?"

Bud: "I'd shine them."

Miss McFerren: "What are you drawing?"

Elmer W.: "A horse and wagon."

Miss McFerren: "I see the horse but not the wagon."

Elmer W.: "The horse has to draw that."

Ira had gone back to Ireland and was telling about New York. "Have they any tall buildings in America?"

"Tall buildings, ye ask sur? Faith, sur, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

John, one day, at a hotel at which he dined, complained very much that plates were very dirty. The waiter, with a degree of pertness observed, "It is said that everyone must eat a peck of dirt before he dies."

"That may be true" said John, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

Senior Horoscope

NAME	NICK NAME	GENERAL APPEARANCE	CHIEF OCCUPATION	FINAL OUTCOME	FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS
Emily Bryant	"Emy"	Business Like	Worrying	Ballet Dancer	Cuckleberries
Ruth Burk	"Billy"	Hurried	Hurrying	Nurse	Oh, my, gee!
Gordon Burk	"Sy"	Neat	Racing (autos)	Engineer	Hey!
Esther Johnson	"Et"	Worried	Resting	Nurse	Goodness Gracious.
Hesper Hobart	"Heppy"	Anxious	Studying Geom.	Society Leader	That's a lot of bologna.
Florine Trask	"Tiny"	Small	Making Dates	A Farmer's Wife	Oh, Heck.
Donald Sales	"Don"	Slouching	Arguing	Just a Fad	Oh, for crying out loud.
Leslie Maxson	"Bud"	Immaculate	Talking	A Horse Doctor	That's tough.
John Nichols	"Pickles"	Reckless	Laughing	A Bootlegger	Gosh sakes.
Elmer Meleen	"Bullet"	Curls	Teasing	Head of a Matrimonial Agency	Shut up.
Percy Heslink	"Red"	Dangerous	Chasing the girls	Sailor	Yoo Hoo, Esther
Norman Phelps	"Norm"	Bashful	Evading the girls	A Fond Husband	Where's Mary?
Marjorie Wilber	"Peg"	Freckles	Chewing gum	Happily Married	For Pete's sake.
Jeanette Marsh	"Jean"	Angelic	Vamping	Supt. of Pet Animal Hospital	Where's Charley?
Charlene Wilson	"Charley"	Large	Selling candy	Movie Star	Where's Jean?

Literature—The Reading Room

“Vanity Fair”	Marjorie Wilber
“Partners of the Tide”	Bud and John
“So Big”	Florine Trask
“Little Women”	Spider and Marguerite
“Pride and Prejudice”	Marjorie Wilber
“Tattler”	Sally Howe
“Dante’s Inferno”	L. H. S.
“To Have and To Hold”	That Baseball
“The Quarterback”	John Nichols
“Daddy Long Legs”	John J. Butler
“Freckles”	Spider
“The Privateers”	Virginia and Emily
“To The Last Man”	Mr. Mathewson
“The Man of The Forest”	LeRoy Wilcox
“When a Man’s a Man”	Elmer Meleen
“Helen’s Babies”	Miss McFerren’s Froshies
“Caesar” (seize-er)	Miss Lown
“The Keeper of the Bees”	Miss Johnson
“Laddie”	Charles Muir
“Woman’s Home Companion”	Willard Ayers
“Dictionary”	Willard Ayers
“A Girl Named Mary”	Norman Phelps
“Good Housekeeping”	Mr. Mathewson
“Merchant of Venice”	Willard Ayers
“As You Like It”	Miss Johnson
“Love’s Labor Lost”	Miss Lown
“Good Night Stories”	Donald Sales
“L’Allegro	Sally Howe
“The Call of the Wild”	Leslie Maxson
“David Copperfield”	Herman Carlson
“Somehow Good”	Jack Gardner
“Keeping Up With Lizzie”	Don Sales
“Dear Enemy”	Regents
“Old Curiosity Shop”	Miss Anderson’s Room
“Main Travelled Road”	Summit Street
“Regiment of Women”	Faculty
“Donald and Dorothy”	Donald Sales and Dorothy Barry
“Great Possessions”	Mr. Mathewson and Mr. McClure
“Ninety Three”	Students in High School
“The Happy Warrior”	John Nichols
“My Lady Nicotine”	Esther Johnson
“For the Honor of the School”	Elmer E. Meleen
“Betty Bide at Home”	Elizabeth McIntyre
“A Girl of this Century”	Virginia Gardner
“The Iron Woman”	Miss Buchanan
“Tangles”	Virginia’s and Elmer’s Hair
“School Team on the Diamond”	L. H. S. Baseball Team

THE 1926 TATTLER

MAGAZINES—EXCHANGES

MAGAZINES

“Blue and White”	Guttenburg, N. J.
The “Hi” Tribune	Norwich, N. Y.
“The Hillbilly”	Asheville, N. C.
“Kisconian”	Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
“Leader”	Fredonia, N. Y.
“Volunteer”	Concord, N. H.
“Ye Green Quill”	Herkimer, N. Y.
“Echoes of the Foothills”	Campobello, S. C.
“Laurel”	Mars Hill, N. C.
“Johannean”	St. John’s School, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

NEWSPAPERS—EXCHANGES

“The Otoean”	Nebraska City High School
“Sky High”	Asheville, N. C.
“The Bachelor”	Crawfordsville, Indiana
“The High School Citizen”	Dunkirk, N. Y.
“The Clarion”	La Grange, Ga.
“The Houghton Star”	Houghton, N. Y.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

Tattler, Lakewood, N. Y.—Christmas issue.

In turning through this magazine we are inclined to disagree with you on the position of your ads and Table of Contents. We believe the ads chiefly at the back and the contents at the front. However, it is merely a matter of choice. Your sketches and essays are good, but to your literary editor we suggest a few more poems and stories to keep your Literary Department well balanced.

“Echoes of the Foot Hills”

Campobello High School,
Campobello, South Carolina.

Tattler:

Your literary contributions are very original and excellent. We admire your “don’ts” for spectators at athletic gatherings. Your Honor Roll is a good idea. The co-operation of all students toward your magazine is evident.

“Normal Leader”

Fredonia, N. Y.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

“Echoes of the Foothills” Campobello, S. C.

We enjoy your magazine and consider it one of our best exchanges.

“Tattler.”

“Laurel” Mars Hill, N. C.

We welcome this new exchange. We enjoy it very much.

“Tattler.”

“Johannean” Mountain Lake, N. J.

A very well arranged magazine and we welcome it.

“Tattler.”

“The Otoean” Nebraska H. S.

A very newsy paper. All material is good, especially the athletics.

“Tattler.”

“Sky High” Asheville, N. C.

Your paper is very interesting, but why not a few more jokes?

“Tattler.”

“The Clarion” La Grange, Ga.

Very good selection of jokes, also editorials.

“Tattler.”

THE 1926 TATTER

Y—E—L—L

Rick! Rack! Rap! Rix!
Brown and Gold, Cal-lah thrix!
Lakewood High School
One! Nine! Two! Six!

POEM

I've conjured up a picture
Of what a man must be
If he has any wish at all
To register with me.
He
Must
Have
Mr. Maxson's hair and eyes,
And Burke's winning smile,
And Waid's popularity,
And Butler's cunning style,
Gardner's personality,
Heslink's determined ways,
And E. Meleen's (W) recklessness
When basket ball he plays.
And dimples like Jack Keefe had,
Back in the good old days
A man as perfect as all this
A man as perfect as all this
I'd really like to meet,
But I suppose he'd walk about
On
Willie
Ayers'
Feet.

Barker, '27.

POPULAR SONGS

"Show Me The Way To Go Home"—Don Sales.
"Oh, Say! Can I See You Tonight?"—G. Burk.
"Me and The Boy Friend."—Z. Cole.
"Yes Sir! That's My Baby."—E. Meleen.
"Too Tired."—J. Button.
"And I Don't Mean Maybe."—Mr. Mathewson.
"Just A Little Drink."—Bud Maxson.
"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue."—I. Barker.
"Collegiate."—J. J. Butler.
"Charley, My Boy."—Charlene Wilson.
"Thanks For The Buggy Ride."—Betty McIntyre.
"Prince of Wales."—McClure Jr.
"Nobody Knows What A Redheaded Papa Can Do."—Percy Heslink.
"Foolin' Around."—W. Ayres.
"Loud Speakin' Papa (You'd Better Speak Easy To Me.)"—E. Rudgers.
"Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie."—C. Wilson.
"K-K-K-Katy."—John Nichols.
"I'll See You In My Dreams."—Report Cards.
"Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here."—Seniors.
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."—S. P. J. ?

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Would you be Care-free ?
Would you be Independent ?
Would you be Powerful ?
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Would you be a Leader ?

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- 3—A victorious basket ball team.
- 4—Virginia Gardner sitting still.
- 5—B. McIntyre not talking.
- 6—I. Barker attending a typewriting class.
- 7—Zella Cole giving an Oral Report.
- 8—J. Button answering correctly.
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GREAT MEN AND WOMEN

Listen my children and you shall hear
A little limerick of our faculty dear,
Miss Buchanan and Miss Johnson head the list;
Their authentic word, no one dares resist (?)
Then Mr. Mathewson at his desk presides
And hears our excuses with breaking sides.
Next, Miss Anderson, the mathematical "taxi"
Figures our problems that no one else can,
And then comes Miss McFerren, historian great,
Short, slim, slender and sedate (?)
Miss Lown's cultured English and memory precise
"Ain't" often found in a school our size.
Then for Miss Hall, a musician great
We predict an artist's fate.
With Biology and Gymnasium Mr. McClure connect;
He indulges in both at a very great length.
With this combination you can readily see
What great men and women we all should be.

—Louise Marcy, '28

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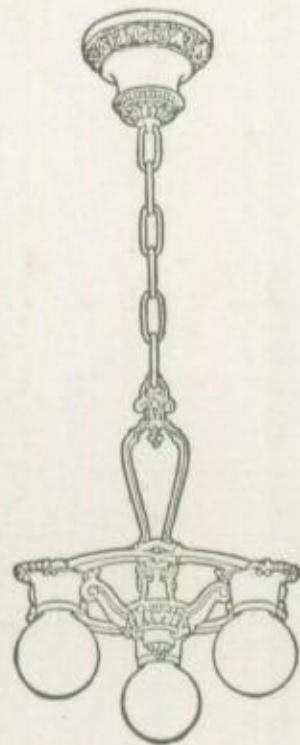
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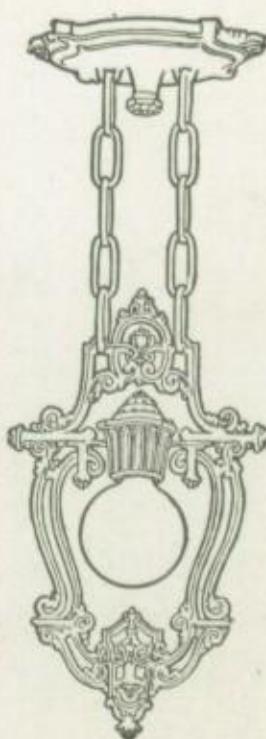
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Autographs

"Add your name to our Honor Roll,
Put down your nick-name too.
No matter how crowded the page may be.
There must be room for you."



